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AMERICA AND HUMANITY[1]

BY THE EDITOR

I HAVE come to speak to you today upon the most vital problem which has confronted the people of America since the birth of the Republic. I shall make no preface and no exordium. There are times when, in the consideration of movements affecting human progress, rhetoric has no place. This is one of those times.

We are at grips with the world and with ourselves. Not incidentals but fundamentals demand the gravest attention of you men who are about to go forth into the world charged with the solemn obligation to take from the hands of your predecessors and bear onward and upward the torch of human liberty. I congratulate you upon being young and virile. I congratulate you upon your acquisition, through study and discipline, of the power to reason. I congratulate you upon the highmindedness and broadmindedness which germinate in the life of the modern university. I congratulate you most of all—and this I speak from the bottom of my heart—upon being Americans.

I cannot doubt that you appreciate your country, that you have faith in your country, and that you love your country. For this reason, in all sincerity and without the slightest trepidation, I congratulate you upon the assumption of exceptional responsibilities to God and man.

Never before in the history of the Republic, not even

[1] Commencement address delivered at Syracuse University, June 11, 1919.

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in the dark days preceding the Civil War, has so deep an obligation been thrust so sharply and so unexpectedly upon an untried generation. Never before, I hope and pray, has such a generation been better equipped mentally, morally, and spiritually for the meeting and mastering with understanding, courage, and faith the overpowering issue which presses irresistibly for immediate solution.

The question is not whether America has failed. We all know that she has not. We behold on all sides in the unparalleled prosperity, the recognized virtues, and the modest chivalry of her sons and daughters, indisputable evidences of her unexampled triumph. The past is secure. The present is as satisfying as could be expected in a time of universal turbulence. It is the future, the immediate future, which deeply concerns us.

There is no change in the mission of America to serve mankind. The only question is whether a change in method is essential to the complete fulfillment of what has already been accomplished. The farsighted builders of our national independence had such a contingency in mind when they proposed the great Declaration which still lives as the spring from which have flown our manifold blessings. Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness were pronounced inherent rights, but no more so than the right of the people to alter or abolish any form of government destructive of those ends.

"Prudence, indeed," it was said, "will dictate that Governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shown, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such Government, and to provide new Guards for their future security."

The direct reference, of course, was to the subjection of the Colonies by the mother country, but the principle thus enunciated applies with equal force to the present situation. Has the time come when, conformably to this fundamental truth, our form of government must be changed if we would consummate the great purposes to

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which the young Republic was dedicated? That is what we are asked to do in the name and for the sake of humanity. Upon that point there rests not a shadow of doubt. No sophistries can disguise the fact that any permanent engagement with any other Power involves to some degree surrender of the absolute independence which for nearly one hundred and fifty years has been the keystone of the Republic. It follows then inevitably that alliances such as are contemplated by the proposed League of Nations involve a change, however great or small, in the form of our Government. It is equally true that the transferal of any part, however infinitesimal, of our sovereignty to representatives of other Powers, comprising an autocracy of governments, not of peoples, tends, in the language of the great declaration, "to reduce the people under that absolute despotism" which it is their duty to reject "for their future security."

These statements have not been and cannot be challenged successfully. That they are disputed I am well aware, but assertion is not argument, and mere didactics, however eloquent, persuasive and appealing, cannot withstand manifest and irresistible facts.

I shall not attempt to analyze in detail the proposed Covenant. It is not necessary to do so. Surely none can question that any engagement committing the United States to cooperate with certain Powers in waging war upon certain other Powers under any circumstances for any purpose involves permanent entangling alliances which hitherto have been avoided conformably to the adjurations of the Fathers. So much at least is plain and unescapable.

But it is maintained that this is not a vital concession because our freedom of action is reserved and the sovereignty of the Nation consequently remains unimpaired. Is this the fact? The first and chief prerogatives of sovereignty, it is axiomatic, embrace absolute and unqualified rights to make war or peace at will. Now Article X of the Covenant reads as follows:

"The members of the League undertake to respect and *preserve* as against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all members of the League."

No language could be more explicit, no pledge more definite. I shall not dwell upon the consequences to lib-

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erty-seeking peoples if such a compact of controlling Powers had existed in the past. They are only too apparent. France could not have come to the aid of the thirteen colonies and neither in 1782 nor since could America have achieved her independence. Your and my United States could never have come into being. True, it may be argued that our people would have fared as well, if not better, if they had continued to live under British dominion, but I cannot deem it an exaggeration to say that such has not been the common impression—not at any rate until now; and I doubt if it is today, despite the fact—and it is a fact—that if the proposed League shall become effective America will presently revert in all essentials of government to her former position as a British colony.

Cuba, of course, could not have been freed because, under the terms of the Covenant, the United States, in going to her assistance, would have been held to have declared war upon the entire League.

Take a case immediately in point. One may or may not sympathize with Ireland's ambition to achieve independence, but it is difficult to conceive of any lover of freedom contemplating with gratification her perpetual enchainment by England with the acquiescence and, if need should arise, the forceful assistance of the United States. True it is, as claimed, that the League leaves to each member the privilege of dealing with internal revolts as it may see fit, but this mere fact, taken in conjunction with Ireland's probable inability to achieve independence without foreign aid, leaves her forever at the mercy of England.

This, according to the advocates of the League, including our Peace Commission in Paris, is regarded as eminently right and proper and the only way, indeed, in which the associate members can maintain the existing "territorial integrity" of one another. But, helpless though the people of Ireland are now, confronted upon all sides by English bayonets, the time may come when they will be able to set up a government of their own, as our forefathers did, and even to attack England. That would make for "external aggression" and Great Britain would have the right to call upon the United States to join in her war against Ireland.

And the United States would be bound to respond.

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Upon this point and, strange as it may seem, upon this point alone, we have the authoritative judgment of our own official representative. On May 10 the President cabled to his secretary for publication the following message:

"Happily there is no mystery or privacy about what I have promised the Government here. I have promised to propose to the Senate a supplement in which we shall agree, subject to the approval of the council of the League of Nations, to come immediately to the assistance of France in case of unprovoked attack by Germany, thus merely hastening the action to which we should be bound by the Covenant of the League of Nations."

The precise terms of the agreement under which the President has pledged, so far as he is empowered to pledge, the United States to go immediately to the assistance of France in the contingency noted have not yet been revealed, and consequently are not susceptible of enlightened consideration. But his declaration that the commitment conforms to and merely hastens "the action to which we should be bound by the Covenant of the League," is highly significant as the first clear definition we have yet had of the specific obligations of our Government as a qualified member. It is, in a word and unequivocally, to go immediately to the assistance of another member confronted by external aggression. If the engagement applied only to France as against only possible unprovoked assault by Germany within a certain period of time it would not inevitably trench upon our traditional aloofness from permanent alliances, although for other reasons, such as arise, for example, in determining whether an attack is provoked or otherwise, it is surely novel and necessarily hazardous. With that particular and so far in detail unrevealed promise, however, we need not now concern ourselves.

The essential feature of the President's declaration is that the pledge of immediate assistance in force is neither confined to France nor limited in time, but is made in common to all members of the League and in perpetuity. Although released for public inspection inferentially and perhaps inadvertently, it is none the less conclusive and, I may add, disconcerting, since the magnitude of the responsibility thus assumed can hardly be measured. Indeed, the mere suggestion that the United States might be induced, under any circumstances, to hold its armies and navies subject to

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the call of any one of thirty nations, scattered the world over, for defensive or any other purposes, seems inconceivable. And yet, under the President's own admission, it is so written and so agreed in the Covenant.

Mr. Taft, to his credit be it said, proposed a plain, straightforward amendment providing that any American state or states "may protect the integrity of any American territory and the sovereignty of the government whose territory it is, whether a member of the League or not, and may, in the interest of American peace, object to and prevent the further transfer of American territory or sovereignty to any European or non-American power." This, as Mr. Taft truly says in his memorandum, is "the Monroe Doctrine pure and simple." Mr. Wilson rejected it absolutely in both form and substance. He substituted in its stead the following amazing declaration:

"Nothing in this covenant shall be deemed to affect the validity of international engagements such as treaties of arbitration or regional understandings like the Monroe Doctrine for securing the maintenance of peace."

And in his speech presenting the Covenant he condensed his elucidation into three words, "This is new." That is all he could find to say of this definite and conclusive renunciation of our most cherished National policy,—for that is what it is and has been for more than a hundred years.

The Monroe Doctrine is not an "international engagement," it is not a "treaty of arbitration" and it is not a "regional understanding." Even if it were, this curiously worded phrase recognizes the validity, not of the Monroe Doctrine itself, but only of "engagements," "treaties" and "understandings" which resemble it. So far from reserving for our own determination this national policy, the Covenant tosses it into the air and vests the power of decision of any dispute over it in the "other Powers" comprising the League.

"Should any dispute ever arise between the American and European Powers, the League is there to settle it." Those are the exact words of the official British manifesto issued within forty-eight hours after publication of the Covenant. And that statement stands. It has not been contradicted by the President or by any other person connected with the so-called American delegation. And

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silence gives consent. Both inferentially and practically the United States, in so far as Mr. Wilson can commit the United States, has accepted this open declaration of the British Government, and that acceptance, once ratified by the Senate, would be as binding as an explicit abandonment of the whole principle.

The pretense that internationalizing the Doctrine would strengthen it is palpably ridiculous. In the very nature of the case, to admit European nations to participation in the interpretation and application of the Monroe Doctrine would be to destroy its value; since its fundamental principle is that of separation from just such European meddling. It would be as rational to say that "all men are created equal" from our original Declaration of Independence is "an international engagement" or that our proclamation of the colonies as "free and independent states" is a "treaty of arbitration" or that our very Constitution is a "regional understanding." Like these great fundamental declarations, the Monroe Doctrine is basic and requires, no more than they required, interpretation from foreign sources. We need not hark back to the past for its true meaning. Grover Cleveland put it plainly when he directed Secretary Olney to notify the world that "today the United States is practically sovereign on this continent, and its fiat is law upon which it confines its interposition." Theodore Roosevelt, in the last article written before his death, warned us, his countrymen, that we are "in honor bound to keep ourselves so prepared that the Monroe Doctrine shall be accepted as immutable international law." And as late as January 6, 1916, whatever may be his views today, President Wilson declared to the Pan-American Congress:

"The Monroe Doctrine was proclaimed by the United States on her own authority. It has always been maintained, and always will be maintained, upon her own responsibility."

There you have it, in the graphic words of Hosea Biglow, "plain and flat." And yet this Covenant does not authorize the United States "always to maintain it" as it "always has been maintained upon her own responsibility." On the contrary it transfers the power of both interpretation and execution to the International Council and, if any question respecting its application shall arise,

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in the words of the official British pronouncement, "the League is there to settle it."

And France concurs with England.

"It seems to me monumentally paradoxical and a trifle infantile," says M. Lausanne, the chief spokesman for M. Clemenceau, "to pretend the contrary.

"When the Executive Council of the League of Nations fixes 'the reasonable limits of the armament of Peru'; when it shall demand information concerning the naval programme of Brazil (Article VII. of the covenant); when it shall tell Argentina what shall be the measure of the 'contribution to the armed forces to protect the signatures of the social covenant' (Article XVI.); when it shall demand the immediate registration of the treaty between the United States and Canada at the seat of the league it will control, whether it wills or not, the destinies of America.

"And when the American States shall be obliged to take a hand in every war or menace of war in Europe (Article XI.), they will necessarily fall afoul of the fundamental principle laid down by Monroe.

. . . "If the League takes in the world then Europe must mix in the affairs of America; if only Europe is included then America will violate of necessity her own doctrine by intermixing in the affairs of Europe."

Notwithstanding these explicit and forceful expressions of understanding from France and England and notwithstanding the golden silence of the President himself at this time when clearly he must speak or forever hereafter hold his peace, Mr. Taft with characteristic grace and complacency, in tolerant disregard of the rejection of his own amendment, makes the astounding statement that the Monroe Doctrine is fully safeguarded by the Covenant.

I denounce and oppose the ratification of this Covenant for the following reasons which I defy anybody to challenge successfully:

Because, as I have shown, it does involve our country in entangling alliances and so violates the great tradition enunciated by Washington and reiterated by every President and statesman from the inception of the Republic to and including the time of Roosevelt. This fact is undeniable and is admitted.

Because, as I have shown, it does vitiate our inde-

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pendence and impair our sovereignty. Thomas Jefferson accurately and graphically defined independence as implying "full power to levy war, conclude peace, establish commerce, and do all other acts and things which independent states may of right do." Sovereignty is no less correctly defined by a later authority in these words: "A state to possess full nationality must have complete external sovereignty and complete internal sovereignty exclusively within itself, that is, possessed by its sovereign. If it lacks either, it falls short of a perfect national character. . . . There can be no actual independence of a state unless the real sovereignty is held within the state." That is the definition of our present Secretary of State, Robert Lansing.

No argument is needed to prove that full and complete nationality as depicted by these two declarations cannot be maintained under the agreements prescribed by this Covenant. That fact also is admitted. The further statement is made that other Powers do likewise, but that is a palliation, not a reason, for the sacrifice of America.

Because so radical a departure from an established system violates the first principle of a democracy that no change shall be made in either the form or the control of its government unless and until it has been approved by the people themselves. "If," said Abraham Lincoln in his first inaugural, "there be any object to hurry any of you in hot haste to a step which you would never take deliberately, that object will be frustrated by taking time, but no good object can be frustrated by taking time." I insist that no hasty conception of any one mind, be that mind ever so sagacious, should be fastened upon this nation in direct contravention of all teachings and practices of the past until it has received the approval of the people.

President Lowell, of Harvard, declared in Indianapolis only last week that President Wilson never heard of the plan whose adoption he now demands until 1915. I deny that, in reason, any man, overwhelmed in the meantime by the conduct of a great war, could formulate in detail a project of such magnitude with any certainty or probability of its rightness, of its wisdom, or of its success. I denounce the attempt to impose it upon our country by defiantly intertwining it in a mere treaty of peace as a crime against the Republic. Only its complete separation can give to the people ample opportunity for analysis and discussion

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and thus enable them to exercise their own mature judgment. And that is all I ask, readily conceding that, ever as has been, the voice of the people in this democracy ever shall be as the voice of God.

Because no nation, however well fitted by experience and equipped with statesmanlike vision is competent to become the ruler of the world. That is what Great Britain would be under this Covenant. Do you doubt it? Consider first her numerical superiority in the proposed body of delegates: Six to one as compared with the United States. Consider secondly her overwhelming influence, as contrasted with that of this country, upon the scores of smaller European, Asiatic, and African states, each of which would exercise in that body a voting power equal to our own. Consider further, in respect to the proposed council, her separate offensive and defensive alliance with Japan, which she refuses to abrogate. Consider the authority which she would continue to wield over France and Italy by virtue of their utter dependence upon her for their very existence. Consider finally that, by her own peremptory insistence and our pusillanimous concession after futile protest, she would be intrenched for all time in her present control of the seven seas.

Talk about disarmament! Does Great Britain propose to dismantle her fleet? The mere suggestion evokes only righteous indignation from the English people and derisive scorn from English statesmen. She will reduce it, yes, to save expense, but not one ship beyond the point where her navy will continue to be forever as it is today the equal or superior of any two or three navies of other Powers combined. Reduction of armies she would welcome, and why not, since thereby her superiority upon the seas would be magnified correspondingly. Not only, moreover, would she welcome it, but in this Covenant, with our acquiescence, she has provided for it.

The assertion that the United States may accept or reject the recommendations of the council respecting the limitation in size of its army is correct, but that is only at the beginning. What of the continuing situation to follow? Having once determined the size of its army in cooperation with other Powers, conformably to an avowed purpose of a common reduction, the United States agrees that, whatever unforeseen needs may arise for the preservation

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of its territory or for the protection of its citizens, it will abide absolutely by that limitation, and it cannot thereafter increase its forces for any purpose except with the consent of the international council.

Much stress has been placed upon the provision that the council can take action only by unanimous vote. This provision has been heralded as a complete safeguard for and a great concession to the United States. Observe how it would work in this instance. Great Britain alone, without the cooperation of a single one of her allies or friends, would possess the absolute veto power upon a proposal of this or any other nation to increase its land forces, however dire the need, for any purpose. Is it not clear that such an arrangement would constitute the mistress of the seas the mistress of the world? Is that what Washington fought for? Is that what the men at Valley Forge suffered and died for? Is that what the brave lads whose heroism has just been celebrated in Flanders' Field made their supreme sacrifice for?

I render full acknowledgment of the magnificent service rendered to civilization by Great Britain during the past few years. I admit frankly and gratefully that, but for the superiority of her fleet, our criminal unpreparedness would have left our own fair land at the complete mercy of a ruthless invader. But never will I, nor, I hope, will you, consent to weld together the chains of dependence and subjection which our forefathers broke one hundred and fifty years ago and commit the destiny of our free Republic to the keeping of the domineering nation which we then defeated, or of any other Power upon the face of the earth.

Because this is not a league to achieve universal peace but an unholy alliance of a few powerful nations, themselves dominated by a single Power, to enforce obedience and submission upon small and helpless peoples by threatening or waging irresistible war. An autocracy such as this proposed has never been known and has never been attempted but once. I do not need to recall to your minds the time when the monarchies of Europe engaged in a precisely similar undertaking. I do not need to instance the coincidence that they too acclaimed their alliance as holy when it was unholy, but I do ask you to remember that it was this young but intrepid Republic that smashed

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that infamous combination and clinched its triumph by declaring a policy which would forever safeguard the liberties of the entire Western Hemisphere.

Our fathers condemned that alliance and established the Monroe Doctrine, and in so doing made the largest contribution to the divine cause of human freedom in the history of the world. Are we, their sons, now to vitiate all the beneficent consequences of what they did then by establishing an equally vicious alliance and by crucifying the very doctrine whose promulgation wrought the downfall of that iniquitous oligarchy and whose continuing effects are still seen in the crashing of thrones?

I beg of you young men to reflect upon these things and to cherish the thought that just as Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Italians rightfully glory in the achievements of their respective countries, you have no cause to bow your head in shame as Americans, unafraid and never too proud or too timorous to fight for the country which is your priceless heritage from those dauntless ancestors who cared not for life if unaccompanied by liberty.

Because the greatest asset and chief reliance of humanity itself lie not in a conglomeration of far-flung states, kingdoms, principalities and colonies, but in this great free people united in an imperishable independent Republic. Have we not proved that to the millions who have sought and found refuge, peace, prosperity and happy homes within our borders? Could the last and greatest of battles for civilization have been won but for the irresistible power developed under our free institutions and brought finally, though laggardly, into action? Did not we free Cuba and Porto Rico and the Philippines? Who if not ourselves have kept all South America immune to aggression for a hundred years? Where, if not to America, have people struggling to win their freedom been able to look with confidence for sympathy and kindness?

Where, I should say, until recently when, as a first fruit of the new order, our President coldly notified the inhabitants of Egypt that they would better continue under a foreign yoke? A new definition, is not that, of "self-determination"? I do not question the sincerity, nor perhaps should I doubt the validity of that opinion, but I do deny absolutely the right or authority of any man, be he private, pedagogue or President, to assert, as Mr. Wilson asserted,

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that he voiced the judgment not of himself alone, but of the American people.

Is that a fair example of what we are to expect under the League? Is it for that sort of thing that, in the words of the President, we stand "ready to make the supreme sacrifice and throw in our fortunes with the fortunes of men everywhere?" What is the "supreme sacrifice?" It is a term well understood. We know what it means. Upon the battlefield it is death,—death of the individual. And here it is the same,—death, death of the nation. I care not what specious pleas may be put forth in the name of pacifism or humanity, the moment, which pray God may never come, the moment we enter into this infamous compact, craftily constructed by those who have not always been our friends, that moment we sound the knell not only of our own independence but of the hopes of shackled millions throughout the world whose eyes still search the skies for the star of freedom, and whose hearts are sick with longing for the right pronounced by us from God which is as much theirs as ours.

Because this is a Covenant, not for the preservation of peace, but for the protection of power; not for the establishment of justice under the law, but for the enforcement of decrees under arbitrary rule. They say we offer nothing in its stead. That is not true. Chief among the proposals of Mr. Root was the creation of a great Court of Arbitration whose powers should be carefully defined in a new code of international law such as does not now exist, and whose judgments all nations should agree not only to accept but to enforce. There lies the true solution of all world problems, involving no sacrifice of sovereignty, eliminating all possibility of oppression and wrongdoing and guaranteeing to all peoples a fair hearing, a just determination and an inflexible enforcement of righteous judgment. That way and that way alone lies peace. But it was the way of the jurist and statesman, and the way of the autocrat and schoolmaster was substituted.

Because it destroys the powerful incentive for individual achievement and human progress of National feeling. "There are, in short," as Daniel Webster said of that other alliance, "no longer to be nations; there is to be an end of all patriotism." That clearly is what the President had in mind when he declared in his peculiar phrasing to

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the French Academy that "the old enterprise of national law is played out." The new enterprise of arbitrary international power over all is to supersede it. That is the thought conveyed. And the thought is confirmed by every word and act of our Peace Commission. Englishmen have spoken loudly and effectively for England, Frenchmen for France, Italians for Italy, Japanese for Japan, but not once in the entire six months has a voice been raised for America. The President of the United States, elected by the people of the United States, to serve them and them alone, has broadened the conception of his obligation as prescribed by his oath of office to "men everywhere." Simultaneously he assumed a new and almost startling right of action when he appended this remarkable signature to the Treaty itself:

"Honorable Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States, acting in his own name and by his own proper authority."

However this be regarded, whether as an unconscious assumption of divine authority as by the kings of old or as a mere symptom of developed egomania, its strangeness as the self-designation of a servant of a democracy is only too apparent. Nothing could evidence more significantly the personal conviction that nationality is indeed played out. But is it true? Was George Washington in the wrong when he wrote to Patrick Henry:

"My ardent desire is, and my aim has been as far as depended upon the executive department, to comply strictly with all our engagements, foreign and domestic; but to keep the United States free from political connection, with every other country, to see them independent of all and under the influence of none. In a word, I want an *American* character, that the Powers of Europe may be convinced that we act for *ourselves,* and not for others. This, in my judgment, is the only way to be respected abroad and happy at home; and not, by becoming partisans of Great Britain or France, create dissensions, disturb the public tranquillity, and destroy, perhaps forever, the cement which binds the Union."

Or when after leaving the Presidency he expressed in a letter to a friend, the hope that all would turn out well—

—"If our citizens would advocate their own cause instead of that of any other nation under the sun; that is, if

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instead of being Frenchmen or Englishmen in politics they would be Americans, indignant at every attempt of either or any other powers to establish an influence in our councils or presume to sow the seeds of discord or disunion among us."

Obviously a sharper antithesis between the policy then advised and the policy now advocated could not be imagined. But strong as was Washington's faith, his prophetic instinct was no less sure when he wrote to Thomas Pinckney:

"It remains to be seen whether our country will stand upon independent ground, or be directed in its political concerns by any other nation. Time will show who are its true friends, or, what is synonymous, who are true Americans."

Time is showing the true colors of all leaders—statesmen and patriots, demagogues and self-seekers alike. Of the attitude of one successor of Washington who recently passed away at least there can be no question.

"We must feel in the very marrow of our being," were among the last words of Theodore Roosevelt, "that our loyalty is due only to America, and that it is not diluted by loyalty for any other nation or all other nations on the face of the earth. Only thus shall we fit ourselves really to serve other nations, to refuse ourselves to wrong them, and to refuse to let them do wrong or suffer wrong."

Can you wonder that, in the face of this sturdy declaration, worthy of your own Chancellor, one of the foremost advocates of the League propounded this shocking inquiry:

"Was it the Power called God, working through laws that go wider and deeper than our imaginations can, or was it chance that, while the trial of the experiment was under discussion, removed to higher spheres, we trust, the one man most likely and most able to obstruct it?"

This ghoul-like chortling at the death of Theodore Roosevelt is extreme, I admit, but it is none the less typical. Daily those of us who deplore and dread what we honestly regard as a betrayal of our country, are subjected to like insults. Our motives are pronounced unworthy—partisan, personal and base. Our "pigmy minds" are "loathed" by our President. Our Senators are derided by our former President as men whom he would not trust around a corner. We all are ignorant, narrow and, most terrifying of

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all, *little* Americans. But in the midst of this virulence and abuse, you may have noticed that there are two words which are never mentioned. One is Patriot. The other is American. They are taboo in the lexicon of the disciples of Humanity. They too are played out and so cast aside.

It is fitting, it is logical, it is right that this should be so—that persons engaged wittingly or unwittingly in scuttling their country should tacitly regard appropriation of those titles as a profanation.

Do I speak harshly? Not unless the truth is harsh. And whatever of blame there is must rest upon those who abjure calmness and reason and compel the fighting of the devil with fire. For it is a fight, a fight to the limit of resources and endurance to the time when the American people shall be permitted to decide whether they wish to be or are being deprived of their God-given liberties.

It is that great contest which I ask you to join, that sacred cause which I beg you to uphold with all your might and main as you go forth into the world. And I have no question of the response. If you stand for free governments of free peoples against autocratic rule over the many who are weak by the few who are strong, you stand with us. If you are for individualism and nationalism in preference to socialism and internationalism, you are on our side. If you are for justice under the law rather than for power sustained by boycotts and bayonets your minds meet ours. If you are for America first and always as the chief salvation of oppressed human beings anywhere on earth, you will clasp our hands with yours and raise your eyes in single-hearted devotion to the one banner in the whole world which gleams a star for every State and a State for every star.

The issue is clear. The line is drawn. Recall Memorial Day! Two emotions were voiced, two tributes were paid to the flower of American youth who sleep in Flanders fields. One by the Commander-in-Chief who spoke these words:

"These men have given their lives in order to secure the freedom of mankind. . . . The thing that these men left us, though they did not in their counsels conceive it, is the great instrument which we have just erected in the League of Nations."

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The other by the Field Commander, under whom they fought and died, who said:

"The principles which our forefathers fought to establish, the heroic dead who lie here fought to maintain. . . . As they went to battle they were united with a holy inspiration, realizing their mighty task and their obligations to their country. Strengthened by the test of war, and with an abiding faith in the Almighty, let us be steadfast in upholding the integrity of our traditions as a guide to future generations at home and a beacon to all. The glory of our independence must remain the leaven and our flag the emblem of all that freemen love and cherish."

The words of Wilson and the words of Pershing! Which was right? Which was wrong? What thought those dauntless sons of America who bore into battle the strength and courage of their ancestors? Not long ago I asked a crippled soldier from the Argonne forest if he had visions of ideals in his dreams during the great battle. He looked at me dazed for an instant, then flushed to the roots of his hair and replied evenly, "I fought for my country and my flag, sir." His flag! His flag and ours—the first we ever saw and, pray God, it may be the last and only one upon which our fading eyes shall rest. But a new banner has appeared. It blows in the breezes off the shores of England. It has been seen in the harbor of New York in the shadow of the great statue. It is the new international flag. It is simple and quite beautiful—a blue stripe between two white stripes. What they symbolize I do not know. This flag over my head was adopted by the Continental Congress in 1777, one hundred and forty-two years ago. The first one was the product of the nimble fingers of that sturdy little patriot, Betsy Ross. Its first public appearance was over Dorchester Heights and, when it was raised, George Washington stood uncovered at the foot of the pole. It has waved ever since in its spotless beauty and untarnished glory. Shall it be lowered now—lowered so much as the fraction of an inch?

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead who never to himself hath said, 'This is my own, my native land'?"

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IN THE VALLEY OF DECISION

BY DAVID JAYNE HILL

THE choice must soon be made by the American people between a continuation of national freedom and the acceptance of international bondage.

Those who are urging the entrance of the United States into the League of Nations formed at Paris do not like to have the issue stated in this form; but, unless the proposed Covenant is further amended before it is adopted, that is the issue which is to be decided.

A question so vitally touching the future of the Republic should not be treated as a party difference, unless it is made so by those responsible for the Covenant. Thus far the issue has not assumed that character, and there is an easy method of avoiding it. Already the leader of the Republicans in the Senate has expressed the wish that it be not considered as a party difference. It remains for the President, the personal sponsor of the Covenant, to make a public statement that support of the combined treaty of peace and the Covenant of the League of Nations will not be considered a test of party loyalty. With such a declaration the whole question, which ought not to be regarded as a party issue, would be taken out of politics and submitted to the action of the free intelligence of the treaty-making power.

If, on the contrary, the individual freedom of judgment of the Senators regarding the terms of peace and the guarantee to enforce them is brought into question, such an attitude on the part of the Executive toward the legislative branch of the Government raises a new issue, namely, a conflict between representative and autocratic democracy. The Roman Republic was transformed into an Empire by the simple process of assigning all the important offices to Cæsar. Such a proposal has not yet been made in this

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Republic, but a resolution has been offered in the Senate by a partisan of the President which contemplated a delegation of unlimited power not authorized by the Constitution or the laws of Congress. If there is to be a new political issue, it is here, and not in the attitude of chosen representatives of the people, that it is to be found.

Since the failure of that proposal, an attempt has been made to force a dictated policy upon the Senate against its expressed dissent. The wisdom or unwisdom of that policy is not the main issue. The real question is, Is the advice of the Senate in a matter of vital interest to the country to be respectfully considered, or is the expressed opinion of a Senator to be treated as mere partisan opposition? If the Senate of the United States should, under the party whip on the one side and any form of reproach on the other, permit its constitutional responsibility for safeguarding the national interests to be diminished, a precedent would be established which would empower any future President of the Republic to exercise uncontrolled personal authority in determining its foreign relations; for, if the President can dispense with advice and free consent in the Conference at Paris, he can also dispense with them in the Council of the League of Nations at Geneva.

It will perhaps be said that, when the President has confidence that he is acting in the public interest and believes he will be sustained by the popular will, he ought not to be under any restraint. In the case of the League of Nations, it is assumed, the President does represent the popular will. All good citizens desire peace; and the League, it is asserted, will secure peace.

The major premise in this argument is a bold appeal for autocratic, as distinguished from representative, government. It may be predicated of an Emperor with as much force as of a President. It is a false doctrine, accompanied by a retinue of false assumptions. It is not proved that the President represents the preponderant will of the nation. The test of it would be for him to resign and stand for a re-election, as a prime minister must do. It is not true that a President should be unrestrained in the execution of his plans, for the Constitution provides an effective restraint. It is true that all good citizens desire peace, but not at the price of our free institutions. There is no certainty that this proposed League of Nations will prevent

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war, while it pledges this nation to engage in wars that have no relation to the American continent and no sure basis in principles of justice.

When it is said that the people of the United States desire this League, the modicum of truth in the assertion is that they desire exemption from strife and an opportunity to devote their energies exclusively to the pursuits of peace. An extended and expensive propaganda has, no doubt, by an *ex parte* interpretation of the Covenant of the League of Nations, convinced many persons that the League is an insurance against war. The proper question to put to the people is this: Are you personally willing to serve, or to send your sons and brothers to serve in foreign lands, to settle racial quarrels, to subdue and rule refractory populations, to guarantee their frontiers, and to preserve the possessions of the surviving empires in Europe, Asia and Africa? If you are, you should be in favor of this League; for this is what we must promise to do if we accept the Covenant.

Honest Americans must answer these questions before they can honorably say that they are in favor of binding their posterity, as well as the present generation, to the obligations of this League as a "burden of national duty." No man personally unwilling to perform this duty should wish to bind others to it. It is easy for theoretical pacifists no longer of military age to employ fine phrases about the moral responsibility of the nation, but there is in truth no national duty which does not resolve itself into a personal duty; for the nation can do nothing except by means of the lives and resources of those who compose it.

The advocates of the proposed Covenant have justified their suppression of the more serious side of its engagements on the ground that they will in reality never have to be fulfilled, as if the elements it is intended to hold in check would not immediately profit by the knowledge that they would not in fact be opposed! The extreme poverty of the arguments for the League is made evident by the assertion that, since the Covenant has been amended, we can withdraw from it on two years' notice; but without reminding us that no nation can withdraw unless, up to the time of actual withdrawal, "all its obligations under this Covenant have been fulfilled."

I do not hesitate to affirm that this Covenant does not

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embody the ideals for which jurists have been working for a generation. It does not unreservedly adopt International Law as a standard of conduct, but its own "understandings"; that is, its own policies. It contains no declaration of rights, and the members are not bound by any statement of judicial principles. It not only does not accept International Law, it deliberately abrogates it. There are to be henceforth no "neutral rights,"—rights for which this Republic throughout its history has constantly stood, and in which it has at times found its safety. In this League sovereign States are no longer equal. Most of them are distinctly subordinated to the five great Powers. These are to act with preponderant force in their own interest. As Mr. Root has pointed out, this Covenant does not build on the historical development of International Law or of judicial procedure. He justly says: "Instead of perfecting and putting teeth into the system of arbitration provided for by the Hague conventions, it throws those conventions on the scrap heap." Those conventions needed nothing to render them effective except an agreement to defend them as law; and yet this Covenant makes no reference to them, and offers no substitutes for them. Although less important amendments have been made to the first draft of the Covenant, Mr. Root's proposed first amendment, intended to remedy this defect, together with all his other proposals, has been entirely ignored. The result is that the Covenant as it stands neither makes provision for International Law nor for a judicial court. The Council itself is to decide between nations and claims the right to coerce them; but, in Mr. Root's language, "Its function is not to decide upon anybody's right."

As I have said elsewhere,[1] no one can carefully examine this Covenant without discerning that it is the work of politicians and not the work of jurists. They have created an organ of power, but not an institution of justice. They have not distinctly recognized any rights, or made any provision for determining them on judicial grounds.

Only novices in the history of international arbitration are favorably impressed by the articles of the Covenant dealing with that subject. Treaties now in force between the United States and the most important members of the League, not to mention those not included in it, not only

(1) *Present Problems in Foreign Policy*, p. 120.

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cover the whole ground contemplated by the arbitral provisions of the League, but more specifically and with more certainty regarding the standards of law by which judgment would be rendered. There is, therefore, no advance made by this League, absolutely no advantage to be obtained, so far as the judicial settlement of international disputes is concerned. Mr. Root, who is the leading American authority on this point, has not hesitated to say of the Covenant, "It puts the whole subject of arbitration back where it was twenty-five years ago." This is a strong statement, but every jurist familiar with the history of the subject knows it is true.

The important fact in this singular arrest of the normal development of international justice is not that, through possible oversight, there have been omissions, but that the omissions were deliberately made in opposition to notified dissent from the first draft of the League as proposed by the Conference. An amendment on this subject prepared by Mr. Root was endorsed by the American Society of International Law, and other highly competent bodies of jurists of a non-partisan character, before it was sent to Paris, where it was entirely ignored. From this fact the inference is justified that the Conference had no intention of placing the League on a juristic basis, or of accepting that basis as an aim or ideal to be realized in the future. On the contrary, it was force, not justice, which was regarded as the foundation of this association of Great Powers and their protégés.

As a result, it is made difficult for some of the small States, and among them the most truly democratic, to become members of the League, without renouncing their most sacred traditions. Take, for example, the case of Switzerland, a republic surrounded by powerful neighbors who have been almost always involved in controversies and frequently in war. In order to assure her existence as an independent sovereign State, Switzerland has adopted the policy of complete neutrality; and, at her own request, has long been recognized in the public law of Europe not only as a neutral but as a legally neutralized State. This is essential to the existence of the Swiss Confederation, and this little Republic not only desires to continue this neutrality but is prepared to defend it with force of arms, as it has during the Great War.

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How regardless of such interests in the case of the small States the Conference at Paris has been may be seen by the determination to abolish, nominally in the interest of peace, but actually in the interest of war, that neutrality which has so often restricted the spread of military operations. Without doubt it would be a real advantage to Switzerland to enjoy the protection of an organized Society of States, under a rule of International Law which would defend her neutrality and offer her a tribunal where the unfair exactions of her neighbors might be peacefully met. But this Covenant offers no such inducements to Switzerland. If a member of the League, this hitherto neutralized State would be required and pledged, under Article XVI, "to afford passage through its territory to the forces of any of the members of the League which are co-operating to protect the covenants of the League." This would involve an abandonment of neutrality on the part of Switzerland, and thus expose her, as a co-belligerent of the League, to justified invasion by any hostile Power with which the League might be at war.

No small State can regard without alarm, or at least without apprehension, a combination of Great Powers, such as this League would be, claiming the right of coercion, especially economic coercion, unless that combination is based frankly and explicitly upon International Law as a standard of conduct, a declaration of rights as a guarantee of juristic equality, and itself subject to a tribunal of justice not under *ex parte* control. These conditions are not fulfilled by the proposed Covenant of a League of Nations, which is a military corporation under the control of five Great Powers.

It may, of course, be said that the founders of this League, no matter what it omits, or however defective it may seem, are sincerely aiming at what is right, and especially at peace. This is not a time for impugning the motives of any of these Powers. They are such as may be expected to operate at the close of a terrible war, when all the contestants are exhausted, are desirous of peace, and most of all anxious to come out of the war with the greatest advantages attainable and the fewest disadvantages.

Obviously, such a time is not the most auspicious for a general reconstruction of the world. The situation of necessity involves two opposite points of view, with many

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national divergences of interest. In making a concrete peace there are the victors and the vanquished. They cannot possibly see things alike. Unless the peace is made a peace of victory, and not merely a peace of compromise, the whole moral value of the war is lost. The criminal nation must be made to realize its crimes, and to accept a merited punishment. Such a nation cannot possibly see in this League anything but an enemy, a triumphant enemy, who aims at nothing but the means of crushing the vanquished.

It is morally necessary that this punishment be inflicted, that the aggressor be rendered powerless, and that he should never again be able to repeat the offense. The peace of victory should, therefore, have been made promptly and effectively at the moment of victory.

Instead of this, the prospect of a compromise peace has been steadily before the eyes of Germany. Defeat has never been accepted and is now denied by Germany. An opportunity for immediate national rehabilitation—so it is represented—was offered by the fourteen rubrics of peace set forth by the President of the United States as a pledge to a government of the German people. In this Germany professes to have been deceived. She also is now beginning to speak of "scraps of paper."

There never was a reason why Germany should expect peace without paying a penalty for starting the war and prosecuting it in such a ruthless manner. There should never have been any thought of a compromise peace. There should have been, first of all, a prompt announcement of just chastisement, not a belated imposition of a complete servitude of unknown duration, and then the earliest possible chance for a better international order based on justice, in which a renovated Germany might have a place when her act of repentance had been performed.

But we must face the facts as they have been created: an impenitent, self-deceived, and revengeful Germany; a triumphant Britain, coming out of the war with her losses all behind her, and, if the United States will aid in defending her scattered possessions, with nothing, apart from domestic troubles, but the prospect of increased imperial gain and power ahead; a sorrow-stricken France, desolated, fearful of the revived strength of a powerful neighbor, but glorious in her tribulations, and victorious in her fight for life; an Italy in part reintegrated, her great persecutor, Austria-

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Hungary, dismembered, a Slav rival creeping toward the Adriatic after much suffering and bitter disappointment; a Russia disorganized and demoralized; and between this demented giant and a hostile Germany, Poland still uncertain of her fate.

Certainly, in this scene of confusion there is need of international solidarity on the part of the free nations, especially of the nations whose united efforts have been victorious in the war. They still have work to do. The problems are European, but as a participant in the war America also is interested in them. No one can doubt the existence of our national duty. The problem is to define it.

Plainly, we cannot honorably retire from the war without participating in the conclusion and guarantee of peace. We have before us then two legitimate problems: a decision regarding the kind of peace that should be made, and the form of guarantee we are prepared to give.

Since last October those two problems have been before this nation. The consideration of them should have been participated in not only by the treaty-making powers under the Constitution, but by the intelligence of the country at large. As a matter of fact, they have been touched upon only incidentally. The whole discussion, so far as there has been any serious thought about these two questions of national duty, has centered about the League of Nations, which to most minds has had no definite meaning, and has been regarded merely as some kind of an expedient to prevent war in the future.

Thus far, it may be said with safety, thought on this subject has not advanced beyond the speculative stage. The central idea of the proposed Covenant is that, if the United States will place all its resources, economic and military, at the permanent disposal of a League composed of the victors in the Great War, the League would possess a power so preponderant that it could impose peace everywhere on its own terms. The idea is not new. Prussia also had it.

To Europe the motive for entering into the League of Nations is a defensive alliance with America. To America the motive is the pacifist ideal. Aside from the President, —who has taken up the idea from the League to Enforce Peace, but without a very generous acknowledgment of his indebtedness—the most active protagonists of the Covenant in the United States are the officers and remaining members

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of that society. They know that it is not an embodiment of their own plan, but they hope it will improve with age.

If the aim of the League of Nations were justice rather than power, it would make an appeal which it would be wrong to disregard. As a matter of fact, however, the League is a child of Mars. It is based upon the idea of enforcing peace by the use of power, and not of securing peace by the organization of justice. The Council of the League does not promise to be any more just or any less secret than the Conference which has organized it; and that Conference has found it possible to be unjust, both in principle and in fact: in principle in refusing to accept the idea of the juristic equality of nations; and in fact, by refusing to return to China a rich possession, taken from her by force, the Alsace-Lorraine of the Orient, the Shantung Peninsula. If China's strength were equal to her right, the Conference would not have done this wrong, which the United States is invited to sanction by its guarantee of the League of Nations.

As respects the preponderance of the League through the adherence of America, that depends entirely upon the continued willingness of the United States to bear the cost in money and in lives of regulating the affairs of the world according to the decisions of the Council of the League. Outside the League, acting upon its own decisions, the Republic could freely render all the aid it may be dutiful to offer, in its own manner and upon its own conditions. Within the League, this nation would be bound by all the obligations of the Covenant, and would be no longer free. The decision before the Senate clearly is whether the nation shall retain its freedom or consent to be bound. There are grounds for believing that both peace and justice would be more certain if America, being disposed to do battle for either, were free to act in her own way.

The obligations of the Covenant distinctly involve war. When the contingencies involving it arrive, ex-President Taft asserts, Congress will have no choice but to declare it; and there is no means of knowing against which Powers, or how many Powers, or for what duration, it must be declared, even though no American interest may be affected. By this Covenant every war becomes a World War, in so far as the obligations of the Covenant are concerned. Unless the Covenant is a mere illusion and pretense, the United

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States would be bound to participate on one side or the other—the Council would determine on which side—in every Balkan frontier quarrel involving a resort to arms; for, whatever errors the cartographers at Paris may make, under Article X the United States would be pledged to "preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all members of the League." Not only all the newly formed States, but all the surviving Empires scattered over the earth, become by this article protégés of the United States.

No one at the beginning of the war would have imagined that it could lead to this result. Although the oriental interests of Great Britain are vital, Sir Edward Grey, on July 25th, 1914, said to the British ambassador at St. Petersburg: "I do not consider that public opinion here would or ought to sanction our going to war over a Serbian quarrel."

That a pledge to do what Sir Edward Grey thought ought not to be done would be provocative of trouble rather than a means of averting it hardly admits of doubt. It would tend to destroy national responsibility. Such protection would undoubtedly be presumed upon. The United States could exercise a far greater influence if its favor had to be earned and deserved by right conduct than if it were bound in a compact from which it could not escape without a breach of faith.

It is unfortunate that the treaty of peace and the form of guarantee are united in a manner that is intended to be indissoluble; for here are two separate questions: (1) What should be the terms of peace? and (2) In what manner should the United States undertake to guarantee the execution of them?

It has been intended that the Senate should have nothing to say regarding either the terms of peace or the form of guarantee. Both have been decided upon at Paris, and yet the guarantee is not satisfactory to France, which refuses to trust to the effectiveness of the League and desires a separate compact for her security.

What is most objectionable in this forced combination of the terms of peace and the guarantee is that the League of Nations Covenant is not merely a pretended guarantee of the peace with Germany, in which we have a national interest, but an attempt to involve the United States in mat-

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ters which in no way concern this Republic. It draws the United States into responsibilities remote from the causes which determined the entrance of this country into the war.

Our first duty toward our co-belligerents was obvious. It was to aid in imposing a peace of victory upon the common enemy, and to do so as promptly as possible. Having done that, it was our next duty to write into the treaty of peace that a renewal of the war by an unprovoked attack upon any of our co-belligerents would be regarded as an attack upon them all, including the United States. This would be, so far as the treaty is concerned, an effective guarantee. During the execution of the treaty, and until a real Society of States can be formed on a basis of justice rather than of force, the existing Entente should be continued, with all the community of counsel and discussion that were found necessary in the conduct of the war; for a treaty of peace is not a payment, it is only a promise to pay, and the war will not be really ended until the treaty has been executed.

The League of Nations, it will be said, is designed to take over this responsibility and to see that the treaty is enforced; and it is, therefore, necessary. This virtually ends the Entente, which should be continued until the peace with Germany is executed, and creates an Imperial Corporation which is by no means a universal Society of States, yet claiming authority over every other nation, an authority which the Entente never claimed to possess and never contemplated. Professing to be the "reversionary" of dismembered empires, it proposes to rule them with sovereign authority by "special Acts and Charters." This aspect of the League, which has thus far received but little attention, I have elsewhere discussed at length.[1] Into this new and lawless *imperium,* the United States is invited to enter as a participant, with the assurance of its author, General Smuts, that "the League will have a very real rôle to play *as the successor to the empires"!*

By what principle of law or equity can a constitutional State like the American Republic become a successor to empires, with some of which it has never been at war?

DAVID JAYNE HILL.

(1) *Present Problems in Foreign Policy,* pp. 104, 139.

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A REPLY TO LORD ROBERT CECIL

BY JAMES M. BECK

LORD ROBERT CECIL, Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, has made an unusual appeal to the American people in behalf of the League of Nations. His prominent position in the English Government and the conspicuous service he has rendered to his country in the conduct of its foreign relations in the last five years give to his statement peculiar significance.

As Minister of Blockade, it was his delicate task to combat the nagging objections which the Wilson Administration in the period of American neutrality made to the Allies' blockade of Germany, and he handled a situation of extraordinary difficulty with exceptional tact and skill.

In all these negotiations, it was evident that he followed the policy of his distinguished father, Lord Salisbury, who as Prime Minister was disposed to make any reasonable sacrifice to maintain harmonious relations with the United States. As an able and far-sighted statesman, he appreciated, both before and during the present World War, that the best hope of the world lies in the *rapprochement* of the two great divisions of the English-speaking race.

In a formal statement given from Paris on June 2nd, Lord Robert, evidently fearful that the Senate of the United States may not ratify the League of Nations in its present form, appeals to the American people in the following gracious phrases:

> I see it suggested in some places that the United States should not accept membership in the League of Nations because it might involve some sacrifice of national sovereignty. It would be foolish to deny that if nations are to make any organization for peace each of them must be content to modify in some degree, however slight, its liberty of action. That is the inevitable result of coöperation, and I do not wish to underrate the sacrifice involved. . . .

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> The United States, as some people are never tired of reminding us, came into the war at a comparatively late period, and, though she threw her whole heart into the struggle and spared no effort to victory, it necessarily followed that her actual sacrifices, both in men and material, were less than fell to the lot of some of her associates. On the other hand, she declared at her entry that she sought no profit, either territorially or otherwise, and that declaration she has fulfilled. I doubt if there is any example in history of a nation, which has taken part in a struggle of comparable magnitude, which has at the end asked for no direct national reward. Yet America may feel that she has done this. That her national interests in the widest sense have been neglected is not true, for the greatest national interest of every civilized State is peace. America has striven for peace, but it has been peace without material reward. She has sought no territorial aggrandizement and no financial advantage.
>
> That is the glorious record, of which, if envy between our countries were possible, I should be envious. *It would indeed be deplorable if, at the end of the conference, something happened to mar this record.*

Guarded as his language is, the implication is unmistakable. It assumes that the refusal of the United States Senate to accept membership for America in the League of Nations would in a moral sense mar her record, and thus make her part in the great struggle less creditable and honorable.

We are left to conjecture what prompted this appeal to the American people. It cannot be doubted that more than one-third of the United States Senate does not look with favor upon the League of Nations covenant in its present form. If ratification is finally secured, with or without amendment, it will unquestionably be an unwilling assent that the Senate will thus give to a final and fatal sacrifice of those great traditional policies, to which America was dedicated from its birth and under which she has grown to be one of the master states of the world.

Lord Robert's appeal to the American people is plainly actuated by fear that the United States Senate may prefer the tried traditions of the Republic to the illusory pretensions of the proposed League of Nations. While he is a skilled diplomat and most guarded in his language, it can hardly be disguised that his formal statement is either an appeal over the heads of the United States Senate to the American people, or an appeal to the Senate itself not to "mar" America's record in the war. In either aspect, its wisdom can well be questioned.

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Lord Robert should have taken warning from President Wilson's similar appeal to the Italian people. Its success was not conspicuous. It is true that Lord Robert sustains the position of President Wilson, and may justify his intervention in American affairs on that ground; but he should remember that President Wilson's function with reference to the negotiation of a treaty with the Central Powers will end, at least for the time being, when Germany accepts the treaty, and it is formally submitted to the Senate, whose duty will then begin to determine, as the final treaty-making power in the United States, whether it will accept the result of President Wilson's negotiations. In that conflict of opinion, which may develop into a grave constitutional crisis, no foreign statesman can wisely take part.

Downing Street may not even now fully appreciate the real nature of the treaty-making power in the United States. At one time it was apparently of opinion that the President was the sole treaty-making power and that the Senate was morally bound to ratify that which the President negotiated in the name of America. Perhaps it was encouraged in this erroneous view of the Federal Constitution by President Wilson's academic discourses on the Constitution in his *Constitutional Government in the United States,* in which he taught the thus misguided undergraduates of Princeton that the power of the Senate in the matter of treaties was more nominal than real. He said:

> The President cannot conclude a treaty with a foreign Power without the consent of the Senate, but he may guide every step of diplomacy; and to guide diplomacy *is to determine what treaties must be made,* if the faith and prestige of the Government are to be maintained. He need disclose no step of a negotiation until it is complete; and, when in any critical matter it is completed, *the Government is virtually committed.* Whatever its disinclination, the Senate may feel itself committed also.

Both President Wilson and his confreres at Paris have discovered that such is not the fact, and that the Senate of the United States will not in this crisis so easily surrender its high prerogative to determine the foreign policy of the nation.

Even now it is still assumed by many, even in America, that the President and the Senate are equal powers in the conduct of America's foreign relations. While the initia-

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tive in diplomatic negotiations is given to the President, yet he can only act "with the advice and consent of the Senate," and this obviously means, however precedent may have temporarily increased the Presidential prerogative, that the authoritative voice, at least in any final decision, is that of the Senate.

The Senate is thus the dominant force in the treaty-making power; for, if I instruct my agent to draft a document subject to my "advice and consent," can it be questioned who has the greater voice?

I shall not discuss the very disputable question whether the proposed League of Nations will make for the peace of the world or whether the participancy of the United States in its Executive Council would be either for the good of the United States or for the welfare of the League. I content myself with saying that the developments of the Paris Conference do not justify the hope that the admission of America into the somewhat discordant family of European nations would serve the cause of peace. The attempt of the American peace representatives to determine the future of Fiume, Dantzig and Shantung has neither helped America nor her Allies. Would not our Allies have made a speedier and better peace if America had followed her traditional policy of "minding her own business" by refusing to take part at the Peace Conference in any questions that were peculiarly European or Asiatic?

My only purpose is to discuss briefly the possible effect of the League of Nations upon Anglo-American solidarity. Lord Robert would undoubtedly agree that the best hope of mankind lies in the *rapprochement* of England and America, and I use the word, not in its broader sense of a reconciliation—for, fortunately, there is nothing to be reconciled—but in its narrower sense of a "coming together" in sympathy and interest. Such was undoubtedly the opinion of Sir Robert's illustrious father, one of the greatest and most far-seeing Prime Ministers who ever presided in Downing Street. He believed that England should make every reasonable sacrifice to retain the good-will of the United States.

With this in mind, the Marquis of Salisbury refused to quarrel with the United States over the Venezuelan controversy, and later in 1898 refused to enter into any European coalition to defend Spain.

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Thus began the *rapprochement* of England and America. Notwithstanding some minor discords, which must in some way be resolved into fuller harmonies, great progress was made in the development of an Anglo-American *entente,* and this movement finally received an enormous impetus, that otherwise a century could not have given to it, in the mutual appreciation and understanding of the World War. No one can question the whole-hearted sympathy of the American people for the cause of the Allies, or its admiration for England's part in the great tournament of the nations. The reception, which Balfour received when he came to America, did not differ from the popular triumph accorded to Joffre and Viviani. Last December, a thousand American cities and communities united in a tribute of respect and admiration for England's part in the war. Such a popular demonstration of appreciative admiration would not have been possible five years before.

If Lord Robert should visit America—and he or any of his associates in Downing Street would be most welcome—he would find that the proposed League of Nations is slowly undermining the Anglo-American *entente.* There is in America a growing sense of irritation that she should be forever entangled by the proposed League in the spider-web of European politics. This does not mean that the American people desire to resume a policy of isolation, which in fact they abandoned twenty years ago when they declared war against Spain and took permanent possession of the Philippines. It is a common error to suppose that America has no choice except between two alternatives,—the one a hermit-like isolation, and the other, complete participation in world politics by membership in the League. There is a middle course which retains independence without isolation. It recognizes that America, as one of the master states of the world, and potentially the most powerful, should assume responsibilities in civilization and should not restrict its political activities to the Western Hemisphere. Many thoughtful Americans believe, however, that this responsibility can be met without sacrificing the independence of America, and they believe that America will render its greatest service to the world, if it is allowed to express its opinion as an independent and impartial state, as each crisis in civilization arises. America's

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influence will also be greater if in international affairs it reserves its judgment for the very great questions, which affect all civilization, and does not take part in every local dispute between nations, such as the Fiume controversy, or that with respect to Teschen or the Banat of Temesvar. This influential class of Americans believe that for many reasons America cannot take part to any advantage, either to itself or to civilization, in questions that are primarily of European or Asiatic origin, and that, if it attempts to do so,—as has been done in its name at the Paris Conference in the cases of Fiume, Dantzig and Shantung—it can only dissipate the immense moral influence which America would otherwise have.

These views are not held in America by the enemies of England, but by many of her warmest friends. Many of the most distinguished proponents in America of the League of Nations were formerly either pro-German or, in any event, pacifists, who ardently supported President Wilson's policy of neutrality. On the other hand, the opponents of the proposed League are mainly those who from the beginning of the war advocated the participation of America on the side of the Allies.

The sense of irritation, with which many good Americans view the "entangling alliance" of the League, is likely to grow in the immediate future, and it can only be hoped that it will only be temporary and that the potent tie of blood-comradeship in arms will overcome the growing feeling of irritation which the discussion has brought about.

If Lord Robert and his confrères in Downing Street value above every other result of the war the Anglo-American *entente,* let them consider, before it is too late, the effect upon Anglo-American relations of a grudging ratification of the League of Nations by the United States Senate. It cannot be questioned that a majority of the United States Senate look upon the League with disfavor. Indeed, if it were not for the natural desire of the Democratic members of the Senate to sustain the policies of the Administration, especially on the eve of a Presidential election, it can hardly be questioned that an overwhelming majority of the Senate, representing both parties, would refuse to accept membership for America in the League of Nations.

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As I write, it is altogether probable that, unless the League is amended and Article 10 is eliminated or radically modified, the proposed League will not secure the assent of the requisite two-thirds, or even a majority, of the Senate. It is not difficult to imagine the deep irritation that will result on both sides of the Atlantic if America rejects the League of Nations. While its own representatives proposed the League at Paris, they did so without any mandate from the American people and in the teeth of an overwhelming vote last November, with which the American people refused to give a blank power of attorney to President Wilson to carry out his peace policies.

Let us assume that in view of the present crisis in civilization the Senate in the supposed interest of peace ratifies the League. In my judgment, no greater harm could result to Anglo-American unity than such reluctant assent. The Senate would in that event accept a League of Nations which more than one-third of its membership have already denounced, not because they believed it was for the good of America, but solely because it had been so interwoven in the Peace Treaty that it could not be rejected on its merits without prolonging the agony of the world. In that event, the Senate would bitterly resent the fact that their high prerogative was virtually destroyed by the ingenious device of so interweaving the Peace Treaty with the League of Nations that the duress of events deprived the Senate of its ordinary freedom of decision.

Even assuming that a majority of the American people favor this course, is it not probable that when the League of Nations begins to function and America finds itself entangled in far removed controversies, in which it has little sympathy and even less interest, that there will be a great reaction against the League of Nations? In that event the cause of Anglo-American unity will suffer a fatal setback, for the impression is unfortunately widespread in America that the League is of British origin. Thoughtful Americans know better and fully realize that this misbegotten venture has its true source in the very pacifist movement in America, that did all it could to keep America from any participation in the World War.

The present policy of the British Government may meet a temporary emergency; but it seems to me short-sighted. It invites the hostility of America and not its friendship. If

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the League of Nations had never been proposed, America would have been a sincere friend and in important crises a useful ally to Great Britain and France. The folly of the dog who dropped the bone to grasp at its reflection in the water, is repeated in England's and France's effort to tie America by parchment and red seals in an alliance which can only convert a willing friend into an unwilling partner. The United States will render a greater service to the cause of civilization, if its service be voluntary and not a matter of contractual obligation.

That a European League of Nations is a desirable thing is probably true, and that the United States should from time to time coöperate with it in preserving the peace of the world, is equally clear; but I am satisfied that the American people will render a greater service and have a greater moral influence, if it determines its course as each crisis in civilization arises, and as an impartial and independent arbiter.

The immense moral influence that the United States had in the World War, even in the days of its neutrality, was due to the fact that it viewed the great controversy from a detached position and in an impartial spirit. Its judgment in the future will have greater force if it preserve that position of independence and impartiality, than if it impairs its influence by taking part, as a member of the League, and one of the self-constituted "voting trust" of Five Nations, in the inevitable intrigues between nations, to which that League will necessarily give rise, with reference to purely European and Asiatic questions.

The proposal of a League of Nations postponed peace and aggravated by inordinate delay the present anarchy in civilization; but also gave rise among the Allies to a disunity in spirit if not in aims, which otherwise would never have existed. Only Germany is whole-heartedly in favor of it. Certainly she would be the greatest beneficiary. She clamors for admission into the League as the most hopeful method of dividing the Allies by intrigue.

When the armistice was signed, a great majority of the American people would have welcomed the recognition of an *entente* between Great Britain, France, Italy and the United States; but, instead of such an *entente,* a misguided attempt was made to draw the United States into an obligatory covenant, which sought to compel it with little com-

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pensatory advantage to underwrite the territorial boundaries and political independence of possibly all the nations in the world.

Undoubtedly, when the covenant of the League was first proposed, a large majority of the American people favored it in principle. It appealed to them because the idea was a big one and because it was inspired by a great ideal; for America, notwithstanding its material interests, is a nation of idealists. But, as soon as the plan was studied in the concrete, thousands of thoughtful Americans, remembering the most sacred traditions of our country, under which we had grown and prospered, deeply resented an indefinite and entangling alliance with all the nondescript nations of the world.

If I had the child-like faith which enables some to believe that the League of Nations will bring about a durable peace with justice throughout the world, then I could reconcile myself to the disadvantages which I have suggested; for such a peace is so great a *desideratum* that there is no sacrifice in reason that any nation can make that it should not make. Believing, as I do, that the League will be ineffective for that purpose, and rather tends to cause wars than to prevent them, I can only regret that the moral value of America's verdict will, in future crises of civilization, be greatly impaired by such participation in the purely local politics of Europe and those of the Far East as we have witnessed in the Peace Conference.

The future relations of England and America depend less upon written treaties and formal covenants than upon mutual appreciation and understanding. The potent sentiment of loyalty to the great destinies of the English-speaking race will do more to keep Great Britain and the United States in friendly coöperation than the artificial covenants of any league. The latter may mar, they cannot make, an Anglo-American Entente.

Lord Robert admits that America made great sacrifices in this war without asking for any material return. He truly says that such a course of altruism is without precedent in the world's history. Perhaps he does not wholly realize the extent of America's sacrifices. It is not alone that three hundred thousand of our soldiers were either killed or wounded or that we have saddled upon future generations of Americans a stupendous debt, which is likely to amount

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to thirty billions of dollars before the debts of the war are fully paid; but, in a manner that Lord Robert cannot fully appreciate, our institutions have suffered a serious impairment.

The greatest of America's traditions was its detachment from European intrigue, which enabled it to pursue its own path and to decide successive crises free from the embarrassment of entangling alliances.

An American may well ask: "Why should America make this final sacrifice? How will it 'mar its record' of disinterested service, if, asking nothing for itself in return for immeasurable sacrifices, it now declines to turn its back forever upon the great tradition of independence in world affairs, which it owes to its Founder, George Washington, and in which every American statesman and party consistently concurred until Mr. Wilson became President?"

As an American, who from the beginning of the World War believed in the cause of the Allies and America's duty to participate, I cannot believe in such abandonment of her tried policies. I am not an advocate of isolation. America's place will always be by the side of the liberal democracies of the world. So believing, I look with apprehension upon this misguided attempt of doctrinaire statesmen to draw America into an impossible and "entangling alliance" with many nations, liberal and illiberal, hostile and friendly. I prefer President Washington's definition of our foreign policy to that of President Wilson. So finally will America decide, and in so doing will not "mar" her glorious "record."

JAMES M. BECK.

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WANTED—ARMY REORGANIZATION

BY HON. HENRY J. ALLEN, GOVERNOR OF KANSAS

WHY did a victorious army which made the supreme test in France come home with a "grouch"?

Why did a lot of wholesome, young Americans. who had given themselves without reluctance to the task over there, who had served with conspicuous dash and bravery, who had been cited, and decorated and "general-ordered" for their great work, come home hating the army? Why did so many of them say on the day they landed in America, "My first desire is to get out of this uniform and into 'cits'"?

When the war opened, the country heard with approval that this was to be a scientific war so far as America was concerned. The entire management was to be turned over to the regular organization. The National Guard units were to lose their identity as such and become merged into a general army. West Point was to have a chance to put into practice everything it knew about war; the country was to contribute sufficient money and war materials with which to equip a huge army and the raw man-power with which to provide reserve officers and soldiers.

Everything worked out admirably on paper, and West Point stood forward to take up its load. The country had ample confidence, ample money and ample raw man-power. And the country exhibited another trait at that hour, which America exhibits only when meeting a real crisis, a determination to see the game through without complaint or criticsim while the stress was on. The people contributed willingly not only their sons, but their wealth. They adopted a patriotic and unquestioning attitude; they submitted to a censorship as drastic, if not as intelligent, as that which was ever exercised in Germany—they did it all gladly for the cause. They quit talking, but kept thinking,

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and praying and watching the one great contribution we made—the raw man-power, and they kept hoping the best of West Point.

Now the war is over. Something more than a million men have returned from overseas, and out of the tongues that are loosed America is getting a very adequate and faithful realization of how things went.

One contribution made by America stood out. No man may cast a reflection upon it. The European world has appraised it, acclaimed it, decorated it. That contribution was American man-power. After we have given due praise to that, the holiday seems over.

For many years we had been calmed by the assurance that, while we didn't have much of an army, we were long on a trained staff; that all we needed was to distribute the West Point and staff college wisdom and training throughout a civilian soldiery. We expected the professionally trained soldier to create a scientific army and a scientifically trained supply staff to equip it. All the country had to do was to pay the bills and wait.

Our first disillusionment was in the creative genius of the staff which was to provide us with transportation, ordnance, material and airplanes. The officers who had charge of the supply end refused to be hurried. They had their own notions about machine guns, and they seemed to proceed upon the theory that the battle would wait until we had made a special gun, more suitable to American use than any being used in the world.

We spent some millions, and, what was more valuable than money at the hour, some valuable months, carrying on debates and experiments in the very face of a crowded emergency which called for guns. Finally we fought at Chateau-Thierry, at St. Mihiel and in the Argonne Forest with machine guns purchased from our war-burdened allies. We wanted an airplane all our own, and the scientific gentlemen who were running the war for us locked up a room full of airplane experts and bade them produce a wonder. They expended six hundred million dollars before making a plane. They wasted months of time, and the most mechanical nation in the world—the nation that had been pioneer in the science of flying—sent its troops into their crucial hour in the Argonne Forest unprotected from the air.

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Everything the supply staff touched seemed to suffer delay. We did not do so well producing munitions for ourselves under stress as we had done for our allies under the ordinary routine of commercial production. As a result, after a year and a half of hurrying up, backed with uncounted millions in money, representing a land that possessed fabulous mechanical resources, the American army took charge of its sector in September, 1918, with less material of war supplied by our own country than the troops of Indu-China would have had if they had occupied a place on that line.

Early in September General Pershing, in command of the American Forces, sent messages to Washington begging for more war material and giving a list of the shortages in animal transportation, motorized transportation and other war materials. He was obliged to go into the battle of the Argonne Forest September 26th with these shortages, and suffered ghastly losses because he was obliged to send raw man-power against the superb mechanical equipment of the German army.

On October 13th he again cabled the War Department that its "failure to fill tonnage allotments resulted in the improper equipment of regiments and the uneconomical diversion of vehicles urgently needed for other purposes." He called attention to the fact that only one hundred and fifty cars for reconnaissance and staff observation purposes arrived during the months of September and October. He also called attention to the lack of repair trucks and the general motor transport situation, and said,

> On account of the non-arrival of motor transports and animals as heretofore requested, our situation in respect to animal transport is becoming increasingly and alarmingly serious. Unless supplies are furnished when cabled for, our armies will cease to operate.

For two weeks before this message the Americans had been going forward through the gloomy Argonne Forest, assaulting without adequate war material the Hindenburg Line. They couldn't wait. Pershing had taken over that part of the line. There was nothing to do except to oppose the thoroughly equipped and mechanically supported German line with our partially equipped army.

It has taken some time to make the people at home realize the handicap under which the American army fought, because the censorship had created a deliberate lie about

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the real situation. The impression had been studiously built up that we had over 7,000 airplanes in Europe, that there was American ordnance in plenty, that there was ample transportation and that the material equipment of the army left nothing to be desired. This studied misrepresentation was the most audacious chapter in the history of the war. It reflected real genius. It transcended ordinary lying and reached into the realm of constructive literary talent. Now when the situation is exposed, the defenders of a policy of misrepresentation say "Well, we won the war, didn't we?" Some of them add that it was necessary to carry on the false pretenses to save the morale of the people at home. A man who acted as a corps commander in France has made that silly statement to me within the last ten days.

The production and supply situation fell down in Washington for the same reason that army efficiency fell down elsewhere. Many of the old army men could not expand. They became hopelessly entangled in their own red tape. Their system precluded the possibility of speed and they did not have the elasticity to meet emergencies. In fact, they had never had any emergencies to meet before. A professional army school has no emergencies—everything runs like clockwork.

There were many magnificent officers who made great progress, but the unanimity with which the returned civilian soldiers are expressing their discontent, the similar manner in which they assail the system under which they fought in France, indicates that something more than the natural reaction against army life of soldiers returning from an overseas campaign must be considered as responsible for their attitude.

I have just received from a private soldier who returned only a week ago from Germany a letter in which he says, "I am in sympathy with any effort to improve the army system. There is too much 'for officers only' in it. In the place where there should be democracy we find only officers and enlisted men. The enlisted man gives up everything and gets nothing." This is a crude declaration, but it voices a sentiment I have heard from many men. No one of them with whom I have talked wants to be an enlisted man again.

"We have been 'West-Pointed' to death" said a tall sergeant to me at Camp Upton. He was an intelligent,

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young giant with a Distinguished Service Medal pinned to his jacket and back in his Western home he has a diploma from a college of liberal arts. He went to war with all the cheerfulness that belongs to youth confronting danger. He made a good soldier, but he came back hating the American army system.

"They forgot we were men and tried to make mere automatons of us," he said bitterly.

This reaction is so general among the men that it can be accounted for only upon the ground that the professional army officer failed to realize that he was dealing with a different class of Americans than those who make up the regular army in days of peace. The army which went to France in National Guard and National Army units was a cross-section of whatever community the unit came from. In the ranks were men who were socially and mentally the equal of their superior officers. They all realized that discipline was necessary, but they also realized that the system of military caste which characterized the West Point attitude was not American. With very accurate discernment they called it a "Prussian" military attitude.

The gulf between the men and the officers under this system was as wide as the gulf between the professional military man and the civilian had been in days of peace. When I talked to reserve officers, their reflections were unanimous to the effect that the system of West Point has produced rigidity, narrowness and a cheap aristocracy in officers. It created out of a democratic American lad a stiff sort of snob, who lost his initiative and suffered that peculiar mental debility which results from training only one set of faculties to look at life altogether from one single viewpoint.

An intelligent observation by a Lieutenant Colonel of Engineers from civil life ran something like this:

"The officers from civil life caught on rapidly because they knew their need of training. They were bound to no system. Their minds had been kept alert by their practical problems in private enterprises. Their sense of initiative had not become atrophied in an atmosphere of ancient theories. They developed into valuable men for the emergencies of the day over there because the background of their lives before they joined the war was full of actual problems."

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I think this officer spoke a truth that is fundamental. He had come from the real life of the civilian, not the artificial life which is presumed necessary to fit the professional soldier. In real life from which these civilians came there was one unvarying standard of success—a man must make good. If he held a position requiring efficiency, it was a position won and kept by actual merit. In this practical school there was no protection for an inefficient man, no masonry of military cohesiveness that kept a man in a position where he commanded other men even though he was markedly unfit to lead.

The professional army has some instincts that resemble the rules of a mutual benefit association—the strong men carry the load and the weak men keep their jobs. The elasticity of a system in which a man must make good in order to hold his job is conspicuously absent from the West Point condition.

There were splendid officers from the West Point group. Their success was due more to their native talents than to their professional army training. This was proved over and over again by the continued presence of notoriously unfit officers of the regular establishment who had graduated from West Point and served long and colorless careers. Although they were conspicuously weak, they kept commands.

The army administrators did not know how to get away from set rules. One of the more ghastly manifestations of this fact was the manner in which they handled the casualty reporting from France. They chose deliberately a system which was bound to fall down. It disregarded every simple and direct method and introduced such a highly organized system of inefficiency that it was bound to give us the results it has given us—today, with the war eight months in the background, we are still receiving casualty reports.

When an intelligent civilian pointed out to the chief of the casualty bureau the fact that the ponderous system the army had adopted was bound to result in a long delay and suggested that the simple method of reporting casualties direct to the United States from the hospital bases and divisional areas be adopted, the haughty chief stared at the civilian and said, "I never heard of such a thing."

When the civilian replied that it was the identical sys-

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tem used by the British army, and that through this more simple method of reporting casualties direct, instead of sending them around through a central records office in France, the British army reported all of its casualties within ten days or two weeks, the officer said,

"Just because one army wears red pants is no reason why our army should wear red pants."

Yet this regular army officer, whom I knew very well, was neither unintelligent nor consciously inconsiderate of the rights of the next of kin. He was merely joined to his red tape and you had to let him alone.

I realize that all the criticism now being visited upon the regular army system is of no avail unless it produces for the future a system which is better than the one we have had in the past. That we must have professional training to create a proficient army is, of course, obvious; and it ought to be the frank and eager effort of every American to save what is good in the present situation without continuing the growth of its faults.

The suggestion has been made that West Point shall hereafter be a finishing school rather than a training school. This plan would have some strong arguments in its favor. A lad selected out of a political potpouri who goes to West Point at seventeen years of age and grows up in that atmosphere is no longer a rounded citizen. He is a soldier, trained to fight in a certain way. He has missed all the opportunity of becoming a generally informed citizen. He would be a better officer if he had taken a course in liberal education in a civilian university, studied along with his other departments of knowledge the fundamentals of a military education and gone to West Point for a finishing course. His mingling with other citizens in a civilian university life would have given him a breadth not possible to attain in a soldiers' professional school.

The suggestion has also been made that no man should be admitted to West Point until he has served a period in the ranks and become acquainted with the rights and the duties of a private soldier from the private soldier's viewpoint. The advantage of this is palpable. Such knowledge would have saved from being failures in their commands a good many West Pointers during the past two years.

All of our history has proved that our wars in the last analysis are fought by civilian soldiery, the regular army

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being used as a sacrifice to hold the line while the civilian forces are coming up. What we need, of course, is a system which will guarantee the growth of a sufficient military intelligence to provide officers for the future. The composition of the differences between West Point and the National Guard, so that each may be strengthened, is greatly to be desired.

It has been suggested that National Guard officers and reserve officers of proved ability should be permitted to enter staff schools and the war college. Every opportunity should be given to develop real leadership. No man can be a successful officer without this natural quality. Any man with this natural quality and an educated mind can be turned into a first class officer. No amount of education can make a man without this quality a brilliant officer.

Possibly the best American system would be to have a small regular army, with a well trained force of officers qualified to aid in the training of a great force of citizen soldiers, these soldiers to come from men who are not permitted to carry on their occupations and at the same time have an extensive military training. There can be no doubt as to the benefit of military training. Every man who is returning from France today attests it, though most of them oppose the idea of a compulsory system. The National Guard units in this war proved that men who have had even a limited training are of great value.

I have heard it suggested both by regular and civilian army officers that residence of officers at army posts should be abolished. They should be obliged to live in communities where they would be in touch with citizens. More of them should be detailed to the National Guard as instructors. The contact with this civilian atmosphere would be broadening.

If in creating the new system of training officers an effort should be made to use West Point as a finishing school and the staff colleges as post-graduate institutions, it is suggested that every officer should have a preparatory education in some American college. This would broaden the citizen instinct of the officer and give him a better grasp on his work when he comes to the emergency which demands that he train soldiers taken from citizen life.

I have often heard the suggestion within the past two years in France, when the subject of army reorganization

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has been under discussion, that our professionally trained officers in time of peace should be detailed to service in telegraph offices, railroad enterprises, manufacturing concerns, store-keeping, and other practical commercial institutions which constitute a part of the nation's war strength in time of trouble.

No re-organization of the army system would be, of course, complete which did not take into consideration the need of a broader education for the staff. The recent war have proved the need of more comprehensive intelligence touching the resources of this country in order that, under the stress of a hurried call, the mobilization of our resources may be secured with more celerity and at less expense. Staff officers should have intelligence in these matters similar to the best intelligence possessed by the leaders of industry, whose services were finally summoned in the recent conflict. The last hour of a conflict, which must have appeared inevitable to the administration for many months, found the army staff wholly unprepared for a general mobilization of our resources, and without an adequate conception of what we had or what we would need. The utter failure in relation to this important matter cost the nation untold wealth and a poignant sacrifice of life.

The American historian who writes of the period immediately preceding the recent great conflict will find himself utterly at a loss to explain the stupid failure of a usually keen nation to make any preliminary preparation for a crisis whose inevitable approach must have been apparent to those in power.

HENRY J. ALLEN.

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CHAPTERS OF ROOSEVELT'S LIFE

BY WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

THE PRESIDENT AND THE KAISER

DURING the first years of Roosevelt's Administration he had to encounter many conditions which existed rather from the momentum they had from the past than from any living vigor of their own. It was a time of transition, the group of politicians dating from the Civil War was nearly extinct, and the leaders who had come to the front after 1870 were also much thinned in number, and fast dropping off. Washington itself was becoming one of the most beautiful cities in the world, with its broad avenues, seldom thronged, its circles and squares, whose frequenters seemed never busy, its spirit of leisure, its suggestion of opulence and amplitude, and of a not too zealous or disturbing hold on reality. You still saw occasionally a tiny cottage inhabited by a colored family cuddled up against a new and imposing palace, just as you might pass a colored mammy on the same sidewalk with a millionaire Senator, for the residential section had not yet been socially standardized.

Only a few years before, under President Cleveland, a single telephone sufficed for the White House, and as the telephone operator stopped work at six o'clock, the President himself or some member of his family had to answer calls during the evening. A single secretary wrote in long hand most of the presidential correspondence. Examples of similar primitiveness might be found almost everywhere, and the older generation seemed to imagine that a certain slipshod and dozing quality belonged to the very idea of Democracy. If you were neatly dressed and wide awake you would inevitably be remarked among your fellows; such qualities would imply superiority; and to be superior was supposedly to be undemocratic.

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Nevertheless this was a time of transition, and the vigor which emanated from the young President passed like electricity through all lines, and hastened the change. He caused the White House to be remodeled and fitted on the one hand for social purposes which required much more spacious accommodation, and on the other for offices in which he could conduct the largely increased presidential business. Instead of one telephone there were many working night and day, and instead of a single long hand secretary, there were a score of stenographers and typists. Before he left Washington he saw a vast Union Station erected instead of the overgrown shanties at Sixth Street, and he had encouraged the laying out of the waste places beyond the Capitol, thus adding another and imposing section to the city. His interest did not stop at politics, nor at carrying through the reforms he had at heart. He attended with equal keenness and solicitude to external improvements.

Now at first, Roosevelt's chief duty was to continue President McKinley's policies, which concerned mostly the establishment of our Insular Dependencies, and the readjustment of our diplomatic relations. He closed the dispute over the Alaskan Boundary, over our joint control with England concerning the Isthmus of Panama, and he circumvented the attempt of the Colombian blackmailers to block our construction of the Canal.

We must now glance at a matter of almost equal importance—our relations with Germany. The German attack on civilization, which was openly delivered in 1914, revealed to the world that for twenty years before, the German Emperor had been secretly preparing his mad project of Universal Conquest. We see now that he used all sorts of base tools,—German Exchange Professors, spies, bribers, conventional insinuators and corrupters, organizers of pro-German sentiment, and societies of German-Americans. So little did he and his lackies understand the American spirit that they assumed that at the given signal the people of the United States would gladly go over to them. He counted on securing North and South America by commerce and corruption, and not by armed force. The reaffirmation of the Monroe Doctrine by President Cleveland in 1895 seriously troubled him; for he contemplated planting German colonies in Central and

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South America without resistance, but the Monroe Doctrine, in its latest interpretation forbade him or any Foreign Government from establishing dominion in either American Continent. Still, two things encouraged him; the Americans were, he thought, a loose, happy-go-lucky people, without any consecutive or deep-laid policy, as foolish republicans must be; and next, he knew that he had the most powerful army in the world, which if put to the test would crush the undisciplined American Militia at the first onset. He adopted, therefore, a double policy: he pretended openly to be most friendly to the Americans; he flattered all of them whom he could reach in Berlin, and he directed an effusive propaganda in the United States. In secret, however, he lost no occasion to harm this country. When the Spanish War came in 1898 he tried to form a naval coalition of his fleet with those of France and England, and it was only the refusal of England to join in it which saved this country from disaster. The United States owe Mr. Balfour, who at that time controlled the British Foreign Office, an eternal debt of gratitude; because it was he who replied to the Kaiser's secret temptation: "No, if the British fleet takes any part in this war, it will be to put iself between the American fleet and those of your coalition."

The Kaiser expressed his real sentiment towards the United States in a remark which he made later, not expecting that it would reach American ears, "If I had had ships enough," he said, "I would have taken the Americans by the scruff of the neck." As it was, he showed his purpose to those who had eyes to see it, by ordering the German Squadron under Diederichs to go to Manila and take what he could there. Fortunately, before he could take Manila or the Philippines he had to take the American Commodore, George Dewey, and when he discovered what sort of a sea fighter the mountains of Vermont had produced in Dewey, he decided not to attack him. Perhaps, also, the fact that the English commander at Manila, Captain Chichester, stood ready to support Dewey, caused Diederichs to back down. The true Prussian truculence always oozes out when it has not a safe margin of superiority in strength on its side.

The Kaiser was not to be foiled, however, in his determination to get a foothold in America. As the likelihood

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that the Panama Canal would be constructed became a certainty, he redoubled his efforts. He tried to buy from a Mexican Land Company two large ports in Lower California for "his personal use." These would have given him, of course, control over the approach to the Canal from the Pacific. Simultaneously he sent a surveying expedition to the Caribbean Sea, which found a spacious harbor, that might serve as a naval base, on an unoccupied island near the main line of vessels approaching the Canal from the East; but before he could plant a force there, the presence of his surveyors was discovered, and they sailed away.

He now resorted to a more cunning ruse. The people of Venezuela owed considerable sums to merchants and bankers in Germany, England and Italy, and the creditors could recover neither their capital nor the interest on it. The Kaiser bethought himself of the simple plan of making a naval demonstration against the Venezuelans; if they did not pay up, he would send his troops ashore, occupy the chief harbors, and take in the customs. To disguise his ulterior motive he persuaded England and Italy to join him in collecting their bill against Venezuela. So war ships of the three nations appeared off the Venezuelan coast, and for some time they maintained what they called "A peaceful blockade." After a while Secretary Hay pointed out that there could be no such thing as a peaceful blockade, that a blockade was, by its very nature, an act of war. Accordingly the blockaders declared a state of belligerency between themselves and Venezuela, and Germany threatened to bombard the seacoast towns unless the debt was settled without further delay. President Roosevelt had no illusion as to what bombardment and occupation by German troops would mean. If a regiment or two of Germans once went into garrison at Caracas or Porto Cabello, the Kaiser would secure the foothold he craved on the American coast within striking distance of the projected canal, and Venezuela, unable to ward off his aggression, would certainly be helpless to drive him out. Mr. Roosevelt allowed Mr. Herbert W. Bowen, the American Minister to Venezuela, to serve as special Commissioner for Venezuela in conducting her negotiations with Germany. He, himself, however, took the matter into his own hands at Washington. Having sounded England and Italy, and learned that they were willing to arbitrate, and knowing

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also that neither of them schemed to take territorial payment for their bills, he directed his diplomatic attack straight at the Kaiser. When the German Ambassador, Dr. von Holleben, one of the pompous and ponderous professorial sort of German officials, was calling on him at the White House, the President told him to warn the Kaiser that unless he consented, within a given time—about ten days—to arbitrate the Venezuelan dispute, the American fleet under Admiral Dewey would appear off the Venezuelan coast and defend it from any attack which the German Squadron might attempt to make. Holleben displayed consternation; he protested that since his Imperial Master had refused to arbitrate, there could be no arbitration. His Imperial Master could not change his Imperial Mind, and the dutiful servant asked the President whether he realized what such a demand meant. The President replied calmly that he knew it meant war.

A week passed, but brought no reply from Berlin. Then Holleben called again at the White House on some unimportant matters. As he turned to go, the President inquired, "Have you heard from Berlin?" "No," said Holleben; "of course his Imperial Majesty can not arbitrate." "Very well," said Roosevelt. "You may think it worth while to cable to Berlin that I have changed my mind; I am sending instructions to Admiral Dewey to take our fleet to Venezuela next Monday instead of Tuesday." Holleben brought the interview to a close at once and departed with evident signs of alarm. He returned in less than thirty-six hours with relief and satisfaction written on his face, as he informed the President, "His Imperial Majesty consents to arbitrate."

In order to screen the Kaiser's mortification from the world, Roosevelt declared that this transaction—which only he, the Kaiser and Holleben knew about—should not be made public at the time; and he even went so far, a little later, in speaking on the matter, as to refer to the German Emperor as a good friend and practiser of arbitration.

Many years later, when Roosevelt and I discussed this episode, we cast about for reasons to account for the Kaiser's sudden back-down. We concluded that after the first interview Holleben either did not cable to Berlin at all, or he gave the message with his own comment that it was all a bluff. After the second interview, he consulted

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Buenz, the German Consul General at New York, who knew Roosevelt well, and knew also the powerfulness of Dewey's fleet. He assured Holleben that the President was not bluffing, and that Dewey could blow all the German Navy out of the water in half an hour. So Holleben sent an urgent cablegram to Berlin, and Berlin understood that only an immediate answer would do.

Poor, servile, old bureaucrat Holleben! The Kaiser soon treated him as he was in the habit of treating any of the servile creatures, high or low. Deceived by the glowing reports which his agents in the United States sent to him, the Kaiser believed that the time was ripe for a visit by a Hohenzollern, to let off the pent-up enthusiasm of the German-Americans and to stimulate the pro-German conspiracy here. Accordingly Prince Henry of Prussia came over and made a whirlwind trip, as far as Chicago; but it was in no sense a royal progress. Multitudes flocked to see him out of curiosity, but Prince Henry realized, and so did the German Ring here, that his mission had failed. A scapegoat must be found, and apparently Holleben was the chosen victim.

The Kaiser cabled him to resign and take the next day's steamer home, alleging "chronic illness" as an excuse. He sailed from Hoboken obediently, and there were none so poor as to do him reverence. The sycophants who had fawned upon him while he was enjoying the imperial favor as Ambassador, took care not to be seen waving a farewell to him from the pier. Instead of that, they were busy telling over his blunders. He had served French instead of German champagne at a banquet for Prince Henry, and he had allowed the Kaiser's yacht to be christened in French champagne. How could such a blunderer satisfy the diplomatic requirements of the vain and petty Kaiser? And yet! Holleben was utterly devoted and willing to grovel in the mud. He even suggested to President Roosevelt that at the State Banquet at the White House, Prince Henry as a Hohenzollern, and the representative of the Almightiest Kaiser, should walk out to dinner first. But there was no discussion, for the President replied curtly, "No person living precedes the President of the United States in the White House."

Henceforth the Kaiser understood that the United

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States Government, at least as long as Roosevelt was President, would repel any attempt by foreigners to violate the Monroe Doctrine, and set up a nucleus of foreign power in either North or South America. He devoted himself all the more earnestly to pushing the sly work of peaceful penetration, that work of spying and lying in which the German people proved itself easily first. The diabolical propaganda aimed not only at undermining the United States, at seducing the Irish and other hyphenate groups of Americans, but at polluting the Mexicans and several of the South American States; and later there was a thoroughly organized conspiracy to stir up animosity between this country and Japan by making the Japanese hate and suspect the Americans, and by making the Americans hate and suspect the Japanese. German intrigue was also working in Bogota, and influenced the Colombian blackmailers in refusing to sign the Hay-Herran Canal treaty with the United States, and peered about in the hope of snapping up the Canal rights for Germany.

Outwardly, during the first decade of the nineteenth century the Kaiser seemed to be most active in interfering in European politics, including those of Morocco, in which the French were entangled. In 1904 the war between Russia and Japan broke out. Roosevelt remained strictly neutral towards both belligerents, making it evident, however, that either or both of them could count on his friendly offices if they sought mediation. At the beginning of the war it was generally assumed that the German Kaiser shed no tears over the Russian reverses, for the weaker Russia became the less Germany needed to fear her as a neighbor. At length, however, when it looked as if the Japanese might actually shatter the Russian Empire, Germany and the other European Powers seemed to have a common feeling that a decided victory by an Asiatic nation like Japan would certainly require a readjustment of world politics, and might not only put in jeopardy European interests and control in Asia, but also raise up against Europe what the Kaiser had already advertised as the Yellow Peril. I have no evidence that President Roosevelt shared this anxiety; on the contrary, I think that he was not unwilling that a strong Japan should exist to prevent the dismemberment of Eastern Asia by European land grabbers.

By the Spring of 1905 both Russia and Japan had

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fought almost to exhaustion. The probability was that Russia with her vast population could continue to replenish her army. Japan, with great pluck, after winning amazing victories, which left her weaker and weaker, made no sign of wishing for an armistice. Roosevelt, however, on his own motion wrote a private letter to the Czar, Nicholas II, and sent George Meyer, Ambassador to Italy, with it on a special mission to Petrograd. The President urged the Czar to consider making peace, since both the Russians and the Japanese had nearly fought themselves out, and further warfare would add to the losses and burdens, already tremendous, of both peoples. Probably he hinted also that another disaster in the field might cause an outbreak by the Russian Revolutionists. I have not seen his letter—perhaps a copy of it has escaped in the Czar's secret archives the violence of the Bolshevists, but I have heard him speak about it. I have reason to suppose also that he wrote privately to the Kaiser to use his influence with the Czar. At any rate, the Czar listened to the President's advice, and by one of those diplomatic devices by which both parties saved their dignity, an armistice was arranged and, in the Summer of 1905, the Peace was signed. The following year the Trustees of the Nobel Peace Prize recognized Roosevelt's large part in stopping the war by giving the prize to him.

Meanwhile the irritation between France and Germany had increased to the point where open rupture was feared. For years Germany had been waiting for a propitious moment to swoop down on France and overwhelm her. The French intrigues in Morocco which were leading visibly to a French Protectorate over that country, aroused German resentment, for the Germans coveted Morocco themselves. The Kaiser went so far as to invite Roosevelt to interfere with him in Morocco, but this, the President replied, was impossible. Probably he was not unwilling to have the German Emperor understand that, while the United States would interfere with all their might to prevent a foreign attack on the Monroe Doctrine, they meant to keep their hands off in European quarrels. That he also had a clear idea of William II's temperament appears from the following opinion which I find in a private letter of his at this time: "The Kaiser has weekly pipe dreams."

The situation grew very angry and Von Bülow, the Ger-

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man Chancellor, did not hide his purpose of upholding the German pretensions, even at the cost of war. President Roosevelt then wrote—privately—to the Kaiser impressing it upon him that for Germany to make war on France would be a crime against civilization, and he suggested that a Conference of Powers be held to discuss the Moroccan difficulty, and to agree upon terms for a peaceful adjustment. The Kaiser finally accepted Roosevelt's advice, and after a long debate over the preliminaries the Conference was held at Algeciras, Spain.

That Roosevelt understood, or even suspected, the great German conspiracy which the Kaiser's hirelings were weaving over the United States is wholly improbable. Had he known of any plot he would have been the first to hunt it down and crush it. He knew in general of the extravagant vaporings of the Pan-Germans; but, like most of us, he supposed that there was still enough sanity, not to say common sense, left in Germany to laugh such follies away. Through his intimate friend, Spring-Rice, subsequently the British Ambassador, he had early and sound information of the conditions in Germany. He watched with curiosity the abnormal expansion of the German Fleet. All these things simply confirmed his belief that the United States must attend seriously to the business of making military and naval preparations.

Secretary Hay had already secured the recognition by the European Powers of the policy of the Open Door in China, the year before Roosevelt became President, but the struggle to maintain that policy had to be kept up for several years. On November 21, 1900, John Hay wrote to Henry Adams: "At least we are spared the infamy of an alliance with Germany. I would rather, I think, be the dupe of China than the chum of the Kaiser. Have you noticed how the world will take anything nowadays from a German? Bülow said yesterday in substance: 'We have demanded of China everything we can think of. If we think of anything else we will demand that, and be d——d to you—and not a man in the world kicks."[1]

By an adroit move similar to that by which Hay had secured the unwilling adherence of the Powers to his original proposal of the Open Door, he, with Roosevelt's sanction, prevented the German Emperor from carrying out a

[1] W. R. Thayer, *John Hay*, II, 248.

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plan to cut up China, and divide the slices among the Europeans.

Equally adroit was Roosevelt's method of dealing with the Czar in 1903. Russian mobs ran amuck, and massacred many Jews in the city of Kishineff. The news of this atrocity reached the outside world slowly; when it came the Jews of Western Europe, and especially those of the United States, cried out in horror, held meetings, drew up protests, and framed petitions, asking the Czar to punish the criminals. Leading American Jews besought Roosevelt to plead their cause before the Czar. As it was well known that the Czar would refuse to receive such petitions, and would regard himself as insulted by whatever nation should lay them before him by official diplomatic means, the world wondered what Roosevelt would do. He took one of his short cuts, and chose a way which everybody saw was most obvious and most simple, as soon as he had chosen it. He sent the petitions to our Ambassador at Petrograd, accompanying them with a letter which recited the atrocities and grievances. In this letter, which was handed to the Russian Secretary of State, our Government asked whether His Majesty the Czar would condescend to receive the petitions. Of course the reply was no, but the letter was published in all countries, so that the Czar also knew of the petitions, and of the horrors which called them out. In this fashion the former Ranchman and Rough Rider outwitted, by what I may call his straightforward guile, the crafty diplomats of the Romanoffs.

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.

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AS A BRITISH ADMIRAL SAW IT

BY ADMIRAL SIR PERCY SCOTT, R. N.

I

ON the 4th of August, 1914, war was declared against Germany. I wrote to the Admiralty and offered to serve in any capacity they thought fit. I suggested that I might possibly be of use in assisting to get Director Firing into our ships, or hastily mounting heavy guns for land service. Their Lordships did not even condescend to acknowledge the receipt of my letter, so I amused myself gardening at Ascot, where I was living.

In the early stage of the war the state of our Navy as regards gunnery efficiency was deplorable, though two years had elapsed since it had been clearly demonstrated that Director Firing was the only system of firing which would give us a chance of success in action, although it was well known that the Germans had some form of Director Firing in all their ships. *When war was declared we had only ten ships fitted to fire their heavy guns by Director, and not one ship fitted, or being fitted, to fire her 6-inch guns by the same method.*

I urged the authorities to do something, but they would not move. I was informed that the First Sea Lord, H. S. H. Prince Louis of Battenberg, who was responsible to the nation for the efficiency of our Fleet in gunnery, had the matter well in hand.

On the 1st November, 1914, my old ship the *Good Hope,* in company with the *Monmouth, Glasgow,* and *Otranto,* engaged the German cruisers *Scharnhost, Gneisnau, Leipzig* and *Dresden* in the Pacific. After a short action the *Good Hope* and *Monmouth* were both sunk by the Germans' superior shooting. These ships were caught in bad weather, and as neither of them was fitted with any

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efficient system of firing their guns in such weather, they were, as predicted in a letter I wrote to the Admiralty on 10th December, 1911, annihilated without doing any appreciable damage to the enemy.

These two ships were sacrificed because the Admiralty would not fit them with efficient means of firing their guns in a seaway. Had the system with which I had fitted the *Good Hope* been completed and retained in her, I daresay she might have seen further service and saved the gallant Cradock and his men on this occasion.

During October, after the heavy losses that our Navy had sustained, and because of the feeling of the general public that we ought not to have a foreign Prince at the head of our Navy, Prince Louis of Battenberg resigned his position as First Sea Lord on the 30th October, his place being taken by Admiral of the Fleet, Lord Fisher.

On the 3rd November, 1914, the First Lord, Mr. Winston Churchill, sent for me, and informed me that their Lordships had decided to employ me at the Admiralty on special service in connection with the gunnery of the Fleet, and I was appointed "Adviser to their Lordships on matters connected with the gunnery efficiency of the Fleet." I was further directed to investigate the question of attacking the enemy's submarines, and to put forward any suggestions that I could in that direction.

At the beginning of the War it was my opinion that we could better afford to lose a battleship than a merchant ship; but this was not the Admiralty opinion. They commandeered merchant ships in the most ruthless and reckless manner, sinking them to make breakwaters, and putting them to any use except bringing food to England. It was further proof that the Admiralty did not believe in the submarine menace; the warning I had given to them and the nation was still unheeded. It was not until the third year of the war, when four million tons of shipping had been sent to the bottom, that the Admiralty woke up and began to order the building of merchant ships, and even then their orders were so bound up with red tape that the builders could not proceed with alacrity. A shipbuilder told me that the Admiralty, in ordering, sent him so many forms to fill in that he had to tell them they could have the ships or the forms, but they could not have both.

With regard to attacking submarines, as the Admiralty

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before the war had regarded them as little more than toys, it was only natural that no progress had been made in the direction of taking measures for destroying them. A Committee had certainly been considering the question for some time, but they had evolved nothing.

When I came on the scene, which was about one hundred and twenty days after war was declared, I found that they had not even taken steps to put rams on our trawlers and torpedo-boat destroyers, or to give them a weapon to attack a submarine if they happened to pass over her. The *Badger* had rammed one, but her round stem did not do enough damage to sink the submarine, and when she passed over her she had no bomb to throw down at her.

We were terribly short of fast surface craft[1]—the submarine's greatest enemy—and we had no suitable depth charge to attack them with.

I had these matters put right, but it took, of course, a long time. After we had been at war a year, only a few vessels had been fitted with rams, and a quite inadequate number were supplied with depth charges.

As I had laid before their Lordships all the suggestions I could think of in regard to the destruction of submarines, I next had to turn to a much more difficult problem, namely, the gunnery of the Fleet.

I went up to Scapa Flow in the Orkneys (November 13th, 1914) and had a long interview with Sir John Jellicoe, then Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Fleet.

The Fleet was assembled in this harbour so as to keep them as far away as possible from the German submarines. They, however, frequently saw submarines, and two or three ships had narrow escapes.

It was very gratifying to find the Fleet all cheery, drilling night and day at their guns, and doing everything possible to improve the efficiency of themselves and of their weapons. It was the weapons that I had been sent up to enquire about, and the conditions made me very anxious. Only ten ships of the whole Fleet had their main armament fitted for Director Firing, and all the work of fitting

[1] In June, 1914—that is, just before the outbreak of war—one of the guests at a dinner party asked what was the antidote for submarines. In my reply I mentioned that very fast surface boats carrying a gun would be useful. Exactly one year after that, on the 30th June, 1915, this gentleman brought me a good design of a very fast (40 knots) hydroplane motor boat 60 feet long. I took the design to the Admiralty, and they promptly turned it down. One year after this they ordered a few hydroplane 40′ long motor boats. They were not of much use. A year afterwards, in April, 1917, they ordered a large number of similar boats 55 feet in length. Two years' waste of time, and we were at war!

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the other ships had been suspended at the outbreak of war. Practically a hundred days had been lost, and, to make matters worse, none of the necessary electric cables and fittings had been ordered. Fitting the secondary armanent with Director Firing had not been contemplated.

Such a state of things seems incredible. One would have thought that, although their Lordships paid no attention to my warning in 1911, the moment war was known to be inevitable they would have bestirred themselves and ordered all the material necessary to put the Fleet in a state of gunnery efficiency. They, however, did not wake up. They proceeded on their ordinary unbusinesslike lines of red-tape, occupying their time in letter-writing. Practically nothing had been done.

I had a conference with the First Lord (Mr. Winston Churchill) and the First Sea Lord (Lord Fisher) and pointed out to them the serious state of affairs and how badly we should fare if the German Fleet came out.[1] They realised the situation, and approved of practically all the ships being fitted with Director Firing, including vessels of the *Warrior* and *Defence* class, and some small cruisers of the *Cordelia* class. I took their approval to Sir James Marshall, the Director of Dockyard Work, and to the late Mr. Forcy, the Director of Stores; without any letter writing they acted on it at once. Drillers were sent up to the Fleet to commence the wiring, and the necessary cables and fittings were ordered. A motor car company ceased making motors and made Director instruments instead. Consequently the fitting of the ships went on rapidly, and had the push been maintained, our whole Fleet would have been equipped by the end of 1915.

In May, 1915, unfortunately for the nation, Lord Fisher left the Admiralty, and all the push ceased. I no longer had any influence; the authorities went back to their apathetic way of doing things; time, even in warfare, was not considered of any importance by them.

The result of this was that at the Battle of Jutland, fought on the 31st May, 1916, the Commander-in-Chief, Sir John Jellicoe, had only six ships of his Fleet completely fitted with Director Firing—that is to say, main as well as secondary armament; he had several ships with their

[1] Fortunately for the country, the German Fleet did not come out until eighteen months afterwards.

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primary armament not fitted; he had not a single cruiser in the Fleet fitted for Director Firing; he had no Zeppelins as eyes for his Fleet; and his guns were out-ranged by those of the Germans.

In one portion of the Fleet I had a very personal interest—the cruisers of the *Warrior, Black Prince,* and *Defence* classes. They had a mixed armament of 9.2″ and 7.5″ guns, and consequently were very difficult ships to fight unless they had Director Firing. Lord Fisher approved of this class of ship being fitted with Director Firing in November, 1914, but the Admiralty did not place the order until April, 1916. It was their Lordships' intention to place the order in January, 1915 (which was far too late), but the papers were mislaid, which caused a delay of three months.

The Germans in the Jutland battle sent these three ships to the bottom, and I lost my elder son, a midshipman, sixteen years of age. A week before he went into action he said to me: "Father, if we have a scrap our gunnery lieutenant says we shall not have a dog's chance, as our extemporised director which we have rigged up is not reliable, and the Germans can outrange our guns. We have only got 15° of elevation; the Germans have got 30°. They will be pumping shell into us and ours won't reach them by a couple of miles."

My midshipman son was quite correct; all our guns were outranged by the Germans. This superiority of range was conceded by our own Board of Admiralty to the German nation. In 1905 I had paid a visit to Keil, and on my return had informed the Admiralty that the Germans were giving their guns 30° of elevation. The Director of Naval Ordnance at that time, Sir John Jellicoe, was in favour of increasing our elevation, but the Director of Naval Ordnance was Director only in name. He was not a Lord of the Admiralty and had no power, so nothing was done. We continued to give our guns only 13½° of elevation. In 1907, we increased the elevation in new ships to 15°. In 1911 we increased it to 20°, and in 1915, a year after war was declared, the Admiralty did what they ought to have done ten years before, that is, they decided that in all new ships the guns should be capable of firing at 30° of elevation. Finally, in 1917, they increased the elevation in some ships to 40°.

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What a curse to the nation Admiralty red-tapism was during the War! I received a letter containing a shocking example of it. At Malta there were three of our submarines eager to go out and sink the *Goeben* and *Breslau*. They were not allowed to do so because they had been sent to Malta for "Defence purposes." How could they have better defended Malta than by sinking these two ships?

On the 13th January, 1915, I was sent for by the First Lord (Mr. Winston Churchill) and he told me that H. M. S. *Queen Elizabeth* was going out to the Dardanelles, that the Navy was going to smash all the forts and go through to Constantinople, and that I could go in command.

I could not accept the offer, as I knew it was an impossible task for the inefficient ships then in the Mediterranean to perform. What was done is now a matter of history; practiaclly everything we could do wrong we did.

For our legislators, the Dardanelles campaign will probably be the blackest page in the war's history; for our seamen and soldiers it will be one of the brightest. They landed under conditions which no other troops in the world would have faced, and displayed bravery unequalled in any other theatre of war.

II

On Wednesday, the 8th September, 1915, by the mercy of Providence, a Zeppelin came over London and dropped some bombs. I say that it was a mercy of Providence, because it showed the futility of our defence, and compelled the authorities to realize it. Two days afterwards Mr. Balfour wrote to me as follows:

ADMIRALTY, 10th September, 1915.

MY DEAR SIR PERCY SCOTT:

Will you take the Gunnery Defense of London under your charge?

1. The office can only be temporary, because in the fulness of time, the War Office must take over work which should always have been theirs.[1]

2. Your *means* of defense are, I fear, at present very inadequate, but they will be improved as fast as the manufacture of new guns and the necessities of the Army and Navy permit.

I am sure you will find the work interesting, and it is certainly important. Nobody is better qualified than yourself to carry it through.

Yours,

ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR.

[1] The War Office took it over on the 16th February, 1916.

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I accepted and had a look around the so-called Defence. After fourteen months of war it consisted of:

8 3-inch high-angle guns,
4 6-pounders, with gun-sights, and
6 Pom-poms, which would not fire up as high as a Zeppelin, and were consequently a danger only to the population.

The ammunition supplied to the guns was of the worst possible description, and was more dangerous to the population than to the Zeppelins.

In selecting the ammunition to fire at Zeppelins the authorities should have known: First, that a shell with a large bursting charge of a highly explosive nature was required so that it would damage a Zeppelin if it exploded near; second, that all that went up in the air had to come down again, and that, in order to minimise the danger to the public from falling pieces, they should have used an explosive in the shell which would break it up into small fragments.

The ammunition supplied was exactly the opposite to what we wanted. The shells had so small a bursting charge that they could do no harm to a Zeppelin, and they returned to earth almost as intact as when they were put into the guns.

Before the War, the War Office was as certain that a Zeppelin could not get to London as the Admiralty were certain that a submarine could not sink a ship. Consequently no provision was made for attacking either Zeppelins or submarines, and anyone who suggested the possibility of attacks by them was looked upon as a scaremonger.

Some time after War broke out, the citizens of London realised that the German Zeppelins could come and bomb them whenever they liked. On their behalf, the Lord Mayor of London went to the War Office and suggested that they should take some steps to keep the Zeppelins away. The War Office said that they could do nothing. The Lord Mayor then applied to the Admiralty, and their Lordships the Commissioners promised to form an Anti-Air Corps, and supply them with the necessary material to defend London.

The Army, of course, ought to have done their own work, but as the Admiralty decided to undertake it, they

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should have realised the importance of their task and set about it properly. Had they done so, London, by the end of 1914, could have been defended by at least 50 guns, with serviceable ammunition; instead of which, after fourteen months of war, London was defended by 12 guns firing ammunition which did more harm to the population than to the Zeppelins.

General Gallieni, who was in charge of the defence of Paris, had to defend his 49 square miles of city; he had 215 guns and was gradually increasing this number to 300. He had plenty of men trained in night flying, and lighted-up aerodromes. I had 8 guns to defend our 700 square miles of the metropolitan area, no trained airmen, and no lighted-up aerodromes, and this notwithstanding the fact that a Cabinet Minister had told the country that when the Zeppelins came over they would be attacked by our hornets (aeroplanes).

This was the state of affairs when the Admiralty handed the colossal blunder over to me. To cheer me up, they informed me that they could not give me any more guns; that, although they had been experimenting for ten years, they had no time-fuse suitable for exploding high-explosive shell; that the only guns they had mounted on mobile mountings were Maxims, which were of no use against Zeppelins; that they had not ordered any guns for the defence of London; that they had no airmen who could fly at night, and if they had they would be of no use, as there was no ammunition suitable for attacking a Zeppelin. Practically, although the Admiralty had seriously undertaken to defend London, they had done nothing in fourteen months—or, at any rate, nothing in the right direction.

As regards the gunnery defence of London, the most criminal part of the Admiralty negligence was in the ammunition.

Nothing having been done, it was very easy to do something, and as Captain Stansfield, C. M. G., the head of the Anti-Air Department, was an efficient officer, and had under him a capable staff, we quickly got to business. Our only difficulty was to get clear of the Admiralty red-tapism.

The first thing was to find a satisfactory fuse. The Admiralty said that they had been trying for ten years to get one and had not succeeded. One of my staff, Commander

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Rawlinson, C. M. G., solved the difficulty in ten minutes. The next thing was to get a design of a high explosive shell which could be quickly manufactured. This was arrived at, but now the difficulty came. Having got the designs, how were we to get the shell made? My proper course was to ask the Admiralty, but their system would allow of nothing being done quickly; the paper work would have taken at least a month to get through; the Admiralty had to be avoided. So I took the designs over to Paris, and placed the order with a motor car manufacturer, who executed the work well and quickly. In a very short time I saw my way to providing most of the guns used for the Defence of London with satisfactory time-fuses and high-explosive shells.

Admiral Vaughan Lee, C. B., of the Air Department, undertook to get lighted-up aerodromes and trained men in night flying, and Lieutenant Brock, of the R. N. A. S., quickly produced a bullet that would set a Zeppelin on fire.[1]

The next thing was to get more guns. I knew that the Fleet had some they could spare, which could be converted into anti-Zeppelin guns. I applied to the Admiralty for these guns and promptly got an emphatic "No." I had anticipated this reply by writing to Sir John Jellicoe, the Commander-in-Chief of the Fleet, and asking him for them. He promptly wired back that I could have twenty, so that quashed the Admiralty opposition.

We extracted out of the Admiralty with difficulty another fourteen guns; Lord Kitchener promptly gave me some; and with others that we picked up I found that in a short time we had increased our number from twelve to one hundred and eighteen. But, unfortunately, mountings had to be made for these, which took a considerable time.

The few guns we had for the Defence of London were mounted permanently in positions as well known to the Germans as to ourselves. We had no guns mounted on mobile carriages which could be moved about and brought into action where necessary.

The French, I knew, had some of their splendid 75 m.m. guns mounted on automobile carriages. I suggested to

[1] In 1916 our airmen and aerodromes were ready, and when the Zeppelins came over they got a very warm reception, numbers of them being brought down. The Germans lost their opportunity. For fifteen months they could have come to London as often as they liked; we were late in preparing for them—they were late in coming.

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the Admiralty that they should ask the French Government either to supply or lend me one to copy. This their Lordships agreed to, and I have no doubt that in a few months they would have got the necessary papers through. However, I was determined not to work in their way. I wanted the gun, not papers, so I ordered Commander Rawlinson, a very clever officer who spoke French like a Frenchman, to go over to Paris at once and either beg, borrow, or steal a gun. I told him he was to have it on the Horse Guards Parade, under Mr. Balfour's window, in less than a week. Twenty-four hours after leaving me he wired, "Have got gun, two automobiles and ammunition."

What he did is best described in his letter to me., which was as follows:—

ADMIRALTY, 22nd September, 1915.

SIR:

In obedience to your order that I should endeavor to obtain from the French Government a 75 m/m anti-aircraft gun, mounted on an automobile, on the 16th September, I proceeded to Paris.

I first interviewed General Gallieni, who in a most courteous and charming manner pointed out that much as he would like to help London, he could not himself give me a gun, but he felt sure that General Joffre would give full consideration to anything that London wanted.

I proceeded to Chantille and saw General Pellet, the Chief of General Joffre's Staff, and without any delay a telephone message was sent to the Minister of War in Paris telling him that I could have the gun complete with two automobiles and ammunition.

The gun in my presence was tested and fired by a French crew, who also very kindly drove it to Boulogne, and shipped it to London, where it arrived on the 21st.

The whole transaction from the time of my leaving London to my return with the gun took four days.

I attach photographs of the gun and cassion.

I have the honor to be,
Sir,
Your obedient servant,
A. RAWLINSON.

With the French gun as a guide we very soon mounted up eight of our own three-pounders on motor lorries, which gave a start to the mobile section of our defence.

Although the Admiralty did not give me any assistance as regards the Defence of London, they wanted me to comply with their unbusinesslike methods. Had I agreed to do so, it would have taken me fifteen months to get 12 guns, whereas I was aiming at getting 150 guns in six months.

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So I did not agree, and wrote to Mr. Balfour as follows:

ADMIRALTY, 18th October, 1915.

DEAR MR. BALFOUR:

On the 10th September, you asked me if I would take the gunnery defense of London under my charge. I accepted, and, in doing so, considered that you intended me to procure what was necessary for the Gunnery Defense of London.

Up to last week I was led to believe that the Admiralty had ordered guns for the Defense of London.

On Friday, the 15th, you informed me that they had not done so. I at once ordered some guns. The firm with whom I placed the order wrote to the Admiralty for confirmation. The Admiralty have not confirmed the order.

If I am to be responsible for the Gunnery Defense of London, I must be allowed to do things in my own way, and not to be interfered with by the Admiralty. If the Admiralty are to settle what guns are to be used for the Defense of London, and how they are to be obtained, then they become responsible for the Gunnery Defense of London, and I resign.

If I am to remain in charge of the Gunnery Defense of London I must have a free hand to procure what is wanted how and best I can, and not to be handicapped by Admiralty red-tapism.

PERCY SCOTT,
Admiral.

Mr. Balfour kindly arranged that my work should not be hampered by the ordinary Admiralty red-tapism, so I was able to go ahead, and the Defence of London, as far as guns were concerned, advanced rapidly. But not rapidly enough, so I went over to France, to see if the French would help me again. When I told General Gallieni the number of guns we had, he laughed and expressed surprise that the Zeppelins did not come every day. After five minutes conversation, it was decided that I should have 34 of the celebrated French 75 m.m. guns and 20,000 shell with fuses complete. This brought our total up to 152.

At noon on the 16th February, 1915, the War Office took over the Gunnery Defence of London, and consequently I was no longer responsible for it.

On the following day I was asked if I would accept the post of Adviser to Field Marshal Viscount French on Air Defence questions. I accepted, so we two, who fifty years before joined the Navy side by side, were working together again.

PERCY SCOTT.

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THE FRENCH PEACE COMMISSIONERS—III

BY MARCEL KNECHT

CAPTAIN ANDRE TARDIEU, GENERAL COMMISSIONER FOR FRANCO-AMERICAN WAR MATTERS

THE Lorrainer Poincaré, the Breton Clémenceau and the Franc-Comtois Pichon were to have as a colleague a representative of the City of Paris whose heroism, in olden and in recent times, will remain immortal.

That son of old Lutetia, the capital of Saint Geneviève and Etienne Marcel, who unites to such an exceptional degree Parisian critical sense and fearlessness with finely-shaded intelligence, is the man whom our American friends affectionately style Captain André Tardieu, of the Blue Devils.

He was born in Paris, of an old and respected family, and it was there in the early years that he attended school, and later made the university, taking honors. After being admitted to the *Ecole Normale Supérieure,* M. André Tardieu passed his examinations for the diplomatic service and was sent to Berlin as an attaché of the French Embassy. While in this service he met the Hon. Maurice Casenave, who in 1917 was to become his eminent financial co-worker and in 1919 General Director of French public services in the United States.

The French Embassy in Berlin is not far from the Potsdam Church, where are collected all the flags taken from France in 1870 and the trophies of the army of Metz, a constant reminder of our defeat. When M. André Tardieu caused to be inserted in the peace treaty that touching clause regarding the restitution of the 1870 flags, it was probably because he had not forgotten how deeply he had suffered in his patriotism during his short stay in Berlin.

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After having, as secretary to Waldeck Rousseau, learned from that famous statesman the difficult art of intellectual concentration and of classic oratory, M. André Tardieu for a short time, but with undeniable success, filled a general administrative post which prepared him for his future war activities.

In 1904 he was the favorite assistant of that great journalist, M. Adrien Hébrard, editor of the *Temps,* who gave him the most flattering of tasks, but at the same time the most delicate in Europe—the writing of the daily leader on foreign politics. In those articles of one or two columns, M. André Tardieu proved not only to Europe but to the world at large how great were his journalistic gifts, how perfect his knowledge of history, and above all, what unfailing vision he possessed. In their luminous French clearness, and sober style free from all unnecessary embellishment, these editorials became the guide-posts of European politics from 1905 to 1914.

Those privileged persons whose good fortune it was to be received by him at the *Temps* between twelve and one, will remember men of world-wide prominence, both Frenchmen and foreigners, waiting for an interview with the Foreign Editor. The door of the Foreign Editor's office would open, and then would be heard a metallic voice, used to giving orders, with the "r" rolled as they do in Franche-Comté, and one would catch a glimpse of General H. Langlois, a member of the Academy and Senator for Nancy, one of the inventors of the 75 m. m. gun, who after retiring from the army became the *Temps'* military authority and liked to exchange ideas with his young friend Tardieu.

Besides having a professorship at the *Ecole des Sciences Politiques,* M. Tardieu also lectured at the famous War School, which has given France so many illustrious generals. There he met Colonel F. Foch, head of the School, and these two men, whose sole object was to protect France against German ambition, immediately understood each other and have never ceased working together in the closest cooperation.

The military genius of Foch was respected and admired by André Tardieu, who gave him his whole-hearted support in the columns of the *Temps.* Foch, whose marvelous brain took as keen an interest in diplomatic and political

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problems as in military questions, always enjoyed the concise and original conversation of the younger man.

As soon as King Edward VII gave Germany to understand that he would not allow her to molest France, at the time when Presidents Loubet and Fallières, and Ministers Delcassé, Pichon and Clémenceau were participating in the Entente Cordiale with the British Empire, André Tardieu became the champion of the Triple Entente, and fought for that necessary conception with pen and tongue and—it need hardly be added—always successfully.

During those years of crisis and odious German provocation—1904, 1905, 1908, 1911 and 1914—the formidable writer with his merciless logic entered resolutely into the fray and gave many a thrust that demoralized Morel and other kindred pacifists. He could wield foil and sword with the knowledge and sureness of a member of the Hoche Club. The foreign editorials of the *Temps,* from 1904 to 1914, kept up the morale of the nation and vigorously upheld the action of our diplomacy.

As soon as he became connected with that paper, founded and managed chiefly by faithful Alsatians, M. André Tardieu took his stand in favor of the eternal claims of Alsace-Lorraine: Wetterlé, Laugel, Blumenthal, Helmer were well aware of his almost filial devotion to their little country.

In March, 1914, we had the great joy, at the Lorraine Academy of Nancy, of receiving this diplomat and writer who made over fifteen hundred enthusiastic people, several of them delegations of officers and soldiers of the 20th Corps, applaud the principle that it was necessary for France to have a strong army, with respected and carefully selected chiefs. To the future heroes of Morhange, Nancy, Ypres and Verdun, who six months later were to make the supreme sacrifice, M. Tardieu gravely stated his fears but concluded by preaching hope.

General Foch, who had been in command of the 20th Corps since October, 1913, presided at that historic assembly. Who could have dreamed then that a few years later these two men would be constantly together, working hand in hand to save their country! After the meeting, a telephone message from Paris informed Tardieu that the German authorities forbade the lecture he was to deliver on the following day at Mulhouse. Eastern France, of course,

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understood more clearly each day that the hour dreaded by far-sighted Frenchmen like Langlois, Foch, Tardieu, was slowly drawing near.

In May of that year M. André Tardieu yielded to the pressure of his numerous friends and ran for deputy for the department of Seine-et-Oise.

When mobilization was decreed, the young deputy left his seat in Parliament and became an officer of France; during August, he was a valued worker at Joffre's Grand Headquarters. At the time of the retreat towards Paris, when Foch regretfully left his beloved 20th Corps, in the midst of the battle of Nancy, because he had been ordered to take the command of a new army on the Marne, he sent for Lieutenant André Tardieu. Foch succeeded, the German center was cut through, and the race to the sea started, following the victory of the Marne.

Marching through Doullens, we saluted on the way an irreproachable cavalryman, Lieutenant Tardieu, a member of the Staff of General Foch, in command of the armies of the North. He told us his pride at serving under a chief such as Foch and his joy to be leading the hard life of a soldier. From there, the Foch Staff settled in Flanders, and then came the battle of Ypres. Later Lieutenant Tardieu went back to General Headquarters, where he rendered great services.

Then came dark hours. Hundreds and thousands of young French lives were mown down, and still the enemy held out. As he was eager to set the example of sacrifice, André Tardieu joined a division staff, that of the fine 70th Reserve Division, at the head of which was Fayolle. He was promoted to a captaincy in the Alpine Chasseurs, in one of its most famous battalions, and in the mud of the Artois trenches, under shell-fire, he did his full duty and obtained several glowing citations.

Then came physical collapse. Suddenly suffering from serious congestion, Captain Tardieu was evacuated to a hospital where for several weeks he hovered between life and death. This was in 1916, when Parliament was beginning to realize the urgency of giving more authority to its commissions. The Sub-Commission on Armament asked the hero to give them his assistance and to take charge of the heavy artillery. M. Tardieu accepted upon advice of his physician, who felt he was too weak to

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go back to the hard life of the trenches. So for many a long month M. Tardieu methodically and successfully worked to develop the unparalleled heavy material required by Foch and Pétain.

In August, 1916, when German propaganda was doing its best to divide the Allies and disparage their respective efforts, M. André Tardieu, in response to the appeal of his colleague, M. Stephen Pichon, and of the Municipality of Geneva, before two thousand enthusiastic Swiss, delivered an admirable lecture on the effort of Italy during the war. The Italian Government and people were very grateful to him for his fine homage in a neutral country, in the very heart of Central Europe.

. . . . . .

M. René Viviani and Marshal Joffre, in April, 1917, came to America the fervent missionaries of heroic and martyred France; just as in 1914, 1915 and 1916 Ambassador Jusserand was its knight "without fear and without blemish." All America was aflame with the same feelings as in the days of Lafayette and Rochambeau. The enthusiasm of the people promised Joffre all the soldiers he wanted, and Viviani all the moral and financial support that was required. But there was urgent need of some practical organization that would establish close cooperation between the two countries.

France and her Government chose the best man for this gigantic task, and the appointment of Captain André Tardieu as French High Commissioner in Washington, and later as General Commissioner of Franco-American War Matters in Paris, enabled France and her allies to get the best results from America's generous effort.

France has already rewarded him by giving him a place in the foremost rank: at the Peace Conference the former Berlin attaché has been entrusted with the settling of the Eastern frontiers of France, and the soldier who was witness of such vandalism is now president of the Commission on Reparation.

France, who prizes so highly Franco-American friendship, is grateful to Captain André Tardieu for having upheld with so steady and sure a hand her holy cause—the cause of Liberty.

MARCEL KNECHT.

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THE STRATEGY ON THE WESTERN FRONT—VI

BY LIEUTENANT COLONEL H. H. SARGENT, U. S. ARMY

FOCH'S GREAT COUNTER-OFFENSIVE

DURING the 15th, 16th and 17th of July, 1918, the tremendous battle of the fifth great German thrust had raged over a seventy-five-mile front extending from the Argonne Forest to Chateau Thierry. It was the supreme and last effort of the Germans for a military decision on the Western front. For a month they had prepared and planned and were now striking with all their power. Although they had been held by the desperate fighting of the French and Americans throughout the greater part of their long battle line, they had with overwhelming forces and stupendous efforts succeeded in driving a wedge into the base of the Reims salient up the valley of the Marne towards Epernay. Another day's advance, one more blow upon the wedge, would obliterate the Reims salient, decrease greatly the vulnerability of the Chateau Thierry salient, and lead, very probably, in the end to a German victory. The time had come to strike. Where to strike was the question?

Ever since the formation of the Chateau Thierry salient, it had been evident that its sides near its base were most vulnerable to an Allied attack; not only because of the narrowness of the salient, but because of the direction and extent of the lines of communication of the troops occupying it. Examining it, we notice the following distinguishing features: The Soissons-Fismes-Reims railway cuts directly across its base; and for the greater part of the distance it parallels the Vesle River. On the Western side, and parallel to it, one of the main highways of the salient joins Soissons with Chateau Thierry, and is itself paralleled throughout by a narrow gauge railway; both of which lie only four or five miles from the line which

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separated the fronts of the opposing armies. The Reims-Fismes-Paris railway crosses the highway at about its middle point and is practically at right angles to it.

Over the highway and railway connecting Soissons with Chateau Thierry, the Germans along the Marne and in the nose of the salient, obtained practically all their munitions and other supplies; very few, if any, came by way of Fismes, for the reason that there was no line of railway connecting that town with the main German supply lines to the northward.

In this situation, in which the Germans, while holding the west face of the salient, had, of necessity to maintain continually a front to a flank position, it is evident that an advance of only a few miles by the Allies on this side would sever the communications of the Germans in the nose of the salient and compel them to retire. It is also evident that an advance made at the same time by the French and Americans on the other side of the salient towards Fismes would hasten the retirement of the enemy and might result in their capture, since it would threaten the Fismes-Paris railway and, if pushed far enough, deprive the Germans of its use in withdrawing their troops and supplies from the salient back behind the line of the Vesle. Another feature which favored the Allies was that there were woods along the west side of the salient where the Allied divisions could be assembled out of sight of the enemy until the moment for opening the attack arrived.

General Foch had foreseen all this; and in preparation for an attack on the west side of the salient had assembled, under the command of General Mangin of the French army, eight or nine French and American combat divisions in and near the Villers-Cotterets Forest, among which were the First and Second American divisions and the famous Moroccan Division of the French army. Early on the morning of July 18, 1918, he ordered Mangin forward against the Germans on a front of about twenty-five miles, from the outskirts of Chateau Thierry to the Aisne, some six miles northwest of Soissons. In the advance, the Moroccan division occupied an intermediate position between the two American divisions.

The Allied attack was a surprise to the Germans, and for the first two days was highly successful. On the first day the French and Americans forced back, or drove

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through, the German line, capturing many thousand prisoners and many guns and villages. By the afternoon of July 19 the French artillery from the hills overlooking Soissons were sweeping that city and the railway and highway leading thence to Chateau Thierry; and the French cavalry and tanks had crossed these lines of communication, making it absolutely necessary for the Germans to withdraw immediately from the salient. Coincident with these great successes, the French and Americans on the other side of the salient had completely checked the movement of the Germans on Epernay.

Immediately the result of Foch's counter thrust became apparent. On the evening of July 17, the Allies were on the point of losing the Reims salient, which was almost certain to bring disastrous consequences. On the evening of July 19 all had changed, the Germans were about to lose the Chateau Thierry salient; and with it all hope of final victory.

Realizing fully their perilous position, the Germans saw that they must at all hazards hold open the gap between Soissons and Reims through which their guns, supplies, and troops had to be withdrawn, if they were to escape capture. For this purpose they massed their troops in great strength near Soissons on one side and near Reims on the other; and for the next week or ten days fought desperately to keep the gap open; while the French and Americans fought with equal determination to close it.

The Germans were successful in keeping open the gap; and, aided by the skillful and fierce fighting of their rear guards, were able to withdraw from the salient to the Vesle and, ultimately, to the Aisne with an inconsiderable loss of men and guns. But on July 18 and 19 they had already lost some 700 guns and 35,000 men. However, these great losses were of little moment compared to the immense consequences of their defeat.

On March 21, 1918, they had launched a great thrust to obtain a military decision on the Western front, and had followed it by four other great thrusts, in each of which they had made considerable progress towards accomplishing their purpose. But in the fifth and last thrust they were checked, turned back, and forced to retire some thirty miles.

It was the turning point of that tremendous battle. It

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was more than that; it was the supreme crisis of the great world war. And it was all brought about by a counter offensive upon the most vulnerable front of the German line. Such a counter offensive upon any other front of the long line would have produced no remarkable results; but here, where the thrust in the very first stages of the onset cut the main highway and railway leading into the Chateau Thierry salient, it was at once productive of mighty consequences. Immediately the Germans had to abandon their great offensive and to fight with desperation to save from capture or annihilation the troops occupying the salient. Immediately the whole character of the war was changed. In the twinkling of an eye, so to speak, the initiative was lost by the Germans and gained by the Allies. Fighting now on the defensive, the Germans could no longer dominate the situation. No longer could they choose their point of attack and mass overwhelming forces against a sector of the Allied line. Already they were outnumbered; and, owing to the rapidity with which the Americans were being brought into active operations, were certain of being confronted in the near future with still greater outnumbering forces.

Here we have a splendid illustration of the application of that principle of strategy of striking at the communications of the enemy without exposing your own to his attack; and of that other principle closely related to it, that where two armies are in such a position that an attack from either cuts the communications of the other, that army whose communications are cut, or even seriously threatened, will invariably turn back to fight for its communications rather than to press forward along its original front.

Hardly had the Germans been driven across the Vesle and the Chateau Thierry salient been wiped out when General (now Marshal) Foch[1] turned his attention to the Amiens salient. On August 8 the Fourth British Army under General Rawlinson launched a terrific attack south of Albert and towards Chaulnes, along the flank of the Amiens salient and across the German lines of communication, while the French First Army under General Debeney made a similar assault along the Montdidier front towards Lassigny and Roye. In these assaults, in which

[1] General Foch, commander-in-chief of the Allied forces, was made a Marshal of France on August 5, 1918.

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many small, swift tanks were used by the British to smash through the enemy's line, the Germans were surprised; their loss in prisoners was nearly 30,000; in guns more than 700; and their front was forced back some twelve miles to the Albert-Chaulnes-Roye-Lassigny line.

Thus we see that by attacking the Germans on each flank of the salient the Allies here forced them back in much the same way as they had done in the Chateau Thierry salient; but as this was a much broader salient and the attacks were made much nearer its nose, only a part of it was wiped out. It was necessary to strike again.

Accordingly, Marshal Foch brought Mangin's army, which had been operating about Soissons, into the angle of the Aisne and Oise, northeast of Compeigne, and threw it against the German line towards Noyon; and at about the same time on the other flank he threw Byng's Third British Army towards Bapaume on a front between Arras and Albert. Both attacks were decisive; each army took some twenty or thirty thousand prisoners and penetrated deeply the flanks of the German position. This penetration, which compelled the Germans to fall back again towards the Hindenburg line, virtually wiped out the Amiens salient.

Meanwhile during these operations the Germans were gradually and methodically withdrawing from the narrow Lys salient just south of Ypres. Knowing its extreme vulnerability, they did not purpose giving Marshal Foch the opportunity to attack it in force.

Foch's next offensive was to strike eastward from Arras with Horne's British army towards Cambrai and Douai. This thrust was very ably executed by General Horne, who forced the Germans back, took about 20,000 prisoners and a considerable quantity of guns and material, and even succeeded in breaking through in places some of the permanent German defenses in the vicinity of the Hindenburg line and in reaching country that had been held by the Germans since 1914.

But the principal strategical value which this thrust had on the situation was that, taken in connection with Mangin's thrust towards Noyon in the preceding operations, it created a sort of salient of the intervening territory occupied by the Germans west of the Hindenburg line and made it much more vulnerable to future attack; and as Mangin's thrust had also exposed the flank of the Germans

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occupying the territory between the Vesle and the Aisne, General Ludendorff, who at this time was directing the operations of the German armies, saw the futility of trying further to hold the German line in these positions, and decided to fall back to the Hindenburg line from the Cambrai front to Reims. By September 8, one month after Rawlinson had struck eastward from Amiens, all this was decided and in the course of being carried out. In that one month the German prisoners taken numbered 115,000; and since the begining of Foch's counter offensive on July 18, the captures exceeded 150,000 and included 2,500 guns and vast quantities of munitions and supplies.[1]

Having practically obliterated the Chateau Thierry, Amiens, and Lys salients, Foch now turned his attention to the St. Mihiel salient, the only German salient still remaining. Even here, Ludendorff already had begun to make preparations for an early withdrawal.

The operations against this salient were under the direct command of General Pershing, who, having made the necessary preliminary and secret preparations, launched his attacks early on the morning of September 12. They were highly successful. The Americans from the south side of the salient and the French and Americans from the west side each forced their way through the German lines, and in two days had closed the gap and were in possession of the salient. During these operations the Americans, at the cost of only 7,000 casualties, mostly light, took 16,000 prisoners and 443 guns, besides a great quantity of munitions and supplies.

In all these counter offensives the plan invariably followed by Marshal Foch was to make in each case a double thrust against the salient, one on each side of it; and in such a direction as to cut or threaten the communications of the troops occupying it. It was this that produced the great results, for an army's communications are vital to its being. Destroy them and the battle is lost; even threaten them and disaster will frequently follow. Hence it is that the communicatiois of an army are of such vital concern to a commander-in-chief. Not only his adversary's but his own; for if he would strike at his adversary's communications he should first make sure of the safety of his own. If an able soldier, he will give the most careful considera-

[1] Frank H. Simonds in October, 1918, *Review of Reviews*, p. 375.

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tion to their protection, direction and extent. "While distant spectators," says Hamley, "imagine a general to be intent only on striking or parrying a blow, he probably directs a hundred glances, a hundred anxious thoughts, to the communications in his rear, for one that he bestows on his adversary's front."[1]

But this, General Ludendorff failed to do. He was intent on striking his blows, but seemed to have little concern as to the vulnerability of his communications. After his great thrust of March 21, 1918, which created the Amiens salient, he continued to make other great thrusts creating other salients, each thrust greatly lengthening the German line and making it more and more vulnerable, until, finally, when the time came for Foch to strike, there were four great German salients in all of which the communications of the troops occupying them were vulnerable to Allied attacks. Seeing all this, Foch began his great offensive of July 18, and continued to follow it up with swift and powerful blows until all the salients were wiped out.

(*To be continued*)

[1] Hanley, *Operations of War*, p. 40.

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NERVOUS NEW ENGLAND

FREDERICK E. PIERCE

WHEN a chronically absent-minded young lady walks to the marriage altar carrying a cake of ivory soap instead of a prayer-book; when a morbid rural lover sulks cantankerously among his furrows instead of "having it out" with his sweetheart; and when the traits of such young people become symptomatic of their race—is the situation one for amusement or for scientific alarm? A past decade answered "amusement"; our own answers "alarm." Only yesterday, it seems to us, literature was reflecting rural New England as full of genial and humorous oddities, fit subjects for the amused and amusing pen of Mary E. Wilkins Freeman. Since 1910 there has been a change. Robert Frost, Edith Wharton, Amy Lowell, and many lesser writers, have consecrated farmhouse and hillside to the spirit, not of comedy, but of tragedy. Side by side with this picture in verse and fiction has developed one equally grim in the charts of the psychologist and economist.

We would like to believe this panorama of want and morbidity exaggerated. Certainly New England is a region representing great extremes in wealth and poverty, in society and isolation, in old stock and new blood; in vigorous health and morbid decay. Few among its people live in the tragic poverty of Miss Wharton's Ethan Frome. The neurotic horrors of Amy Lowell's *Overgrown Pasture* represent something that is terribly true in individual cases, grossly misleading as a typical picture. Moreover, our whole continent has been growing nervous. Everywhere we have had a steady increase in all forces making for neuroticism, from adulterated liquors to compulsory education. Yet we cannot lay the flattering unction to our souls that local conditions are normal. For one face to face with the alarming amount of nervous derangement in rural New England, there are few objects entitled to deeper

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and sadder interest than this degenerating region, once the cradle alike of a nation's political freedom and of its intellectual life.

What causes underlie this decadence? May one who is neither a scientist nor a wide traveler suggest an answer? He was himself once a struggling, brooding young farmer; he is now a trained university scholar; and perhaps the double vision resulting from those two points of view may see something which either eye alone would miss.

In many cases, unquestionably, these neurotic conditions are the aftermath of the old Puritan theocracy, the racial reaction to that long, abnormal strain. I remember as a boy pondering in a nightmare of horror on whether I had or had not committed the unpardonable sin. Yet I was a husky young fellow who never shrank from my ten hours at the plow-tail, and had been brought up under a liberal modern theology. The thing which convulsed me with fear was not a religious conviction but a nervous reaction from dead ancestors. I have seen it working in scores of people. At first it was a religious dogma in those grim old days when clergymen would lean toward a young lady across their pulpit and strive with the hands of prayer to snatch her from the waiting subterranean flame. Then from a religious dogma it faded into an ethical prompting, that terrible New England sense of the "ought" which, according to circumstances, might seem either noble or abnormal. Now in these later days, from an ethical prompting it has declined to an unreasoning neurotic instinct, prodding its poor victims with incessant pins in unending flight from they know not what. Racked and exhausted in the treadmill of their own subjective abnormalities, one after another the sufferers have collapsed.

But the loss of new manhood has been even more destructive than the retention of old melancholies. How great has been the exodus of youth from our rural districts any economist can tell. The daughters have left by thousands and the sons by tens of thousands. Like the stricken Persia of ancient Aeschylus,

> The land is wailing for its young men.

That exodus has created among our hill farms an economic sieve through which the fit have sifted away, and in which the automatically-sorted unfit have remained. With

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imperfect schooling and inadequate markets, face to face with the stark problem of existence among unresponsive gravel flnolls, the strong only were the ones who could break away, and they under such pressure went to a man. We New Englanders have boasted so proudly and so truly that our barren hillsides furnished the brains of a nation. Why did we forget the inevitable corollary that these little hill towns could not furnish the intellectual leaders for a people and still have genius at home? One no longer sees among our fields and barnyards the best type of old time farmer boy, with the hayseed in his hair and the vision in his eyes, over-alls and ambition, dung-fork and daring. In his place the automatically assorted weaklings of his race have produced a degenerating stock.

It was not merely inferiority *by nature,* however, in those who remained, not merely inherent defects, which produced existing conditions. The long continued exodus set in motion forces that tended to crush down even the strong man when circumstances held him at home. Chief of these was the growing loneliness. Solitude may be bearable in a new country that has always been solitary, where people have come by their own choice, where they see the future peeping over the horizon. But solitude in regions that have once been populous, where memory at every turn creates vacancies which it fails to fill, where abandoned farms look down on crowded graveyards—that is another thing. Solitary widows and widowers in deserted homes from which noisy families had scattered, young girls withering away in retired hamlets stripped of prospective lovers, little groups of gaunt old women in churches that once had buzzed with laughter and sweethearting—these created an environment in which thought gave way to brooding and enterprise to stagnation. That loneliness was increased by what seemed an economic blessing, the great and rapid improvement in labor-saving machinery for agriculture. This may have relieved the strain on muscles, but it increased the tension on brain and nerve, for it made fewer laborers necessary in a farming district and the loneliness so much the more crushing. Seventy years ago my grandfather would have half a dozen men in haying time besides himself and his sons, none too many when his acres must be covered by the old-fashioned scythe. Hard work, no doubt, but gregarious work with social rewards; jokes and

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stories, laughter and racing, tribal assemblies round the cider jug under some cool maple, where theology, politics, and indecent stories were as rife as at a corner grocery. Today all that is needed to cut those meadows is one man with a modern mowing-machine; and he drives there through the long forenoons—alone. Instead of human voices and interchange of thoughts he hears only the creaking of his whiffle-tree, the clicking of his knife-bar, and an Ossianic wind blowing through neighboring shade trees. Where four or five young men and women used to bring the milk home, laughing and coquetting, now one dreary-eyed, lonely old man handles his thirty cows with an up-to-date milking machine, no human being in sight, no voices but those of cattle. Not only have the children of the farmer left him; the old-time unique and picturesque groups of farmhands have gone as well, a veriform appendix amputated by new industrial conditions. The little tenant-houses in which they used to live are tumbling to decay. The number of lights that shine out at evening by solitary hill and valley decreases as steadily as the number of people who gather around each lonely lamp. It is easy to see how such an environment produces hopelessness, discouragement, lack of purpose in life. Still more ominous is the tendency of these isolated lives toward oddity and morbid brooding, toward those mental ruts that gradually engulf even intellects of natural power, toward that terrible *ingrowing mind* which turns more and more in on itself and cuts deeper and deeper into the sore it makes.

Another cause of neurotic decadence is probably to be found in sanitary conditions. The hereditary heir of her rustic culture was as much inferior to German-trained engineers in sanitation as he was superior to German-trained philologists in literary appreciation. Ill-balanced diets that overloaded the stomach and undernourished the body, badly chosen sites for houses and still worse ones for barnyards with their dangerous drainage, too much fresh air in the woods by day and too little in one's chamber at night, a traditional distrust of doctors which usually called them in in time for the epitaph rather than the diagnosis, ill-regulated excesses in tea, coffee, pork, and patent medicines—all these militated against that rosy-cheeked serenity which farmers were supposed to have and had not.

Factors mentioned so far have been working for many

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years. Yet it is only in the last decade that conditions seem to have grown bad enough to force themselves generally on the eyes of author and scientist. That fact would seem to imply some additional cause, which began its work more recently and precipitated the results of all the others. Such a cause can be readily found in the financial crisis of the Cleveland and Harrison administration. The last decade of the nineteenth century was a despondent, dreary, drudging period for the New England farmer. According to economists, his profits in 1897 reached the lowest level that they had touched in half a century. I distinctly remember —for it was my peculiar privilege to be an inexperienced boy farmer at that time—I distinctly remember selling potatoes at twenty-five cents a bushel and milk at one and three-fourths cents a quart.

Conditions in our rural districts during those closing years of the nineteenth century became positively grim. If the exodus of the young had been serious before, it grew doubly so then, when poverty, celibacy, and stagnation were the only heritage at home. And on those who remained, held fast by age, by poverty, by sickness, by incompetence, or by dependent relatives, on those least fitted in the struggle for existence, fell its intolerable burden in the hour of an economic crisis. It fell on minds rendered restless and gloomy by Puritan theology, devitalized by an antiquated hygiene, dulled and crushed by a lonely isolation that increased around them daily. The scarcity of vigorous young men and the difficulty of getting even the barest living threw on the shoulders of the sickly and middle-aged a crushing load of overwork and incessant worry, ideally conducive toward nervous break-downs. Is it any wonder that within a dozen years after 1897 the literary pictures of New England grew both numerous and tragic, that the pathologist and the social worker began ominously to shake their heads over her? Once the breeding-ground of authors, she has now become their feeding-ground, a source of plentiful copy for them to graze on. When that literary vogue is over—whether the future belongs to the immigrant or the beef trust—the curtain must fall forever on a social life that was once the brain center of a continent. Its peculiar virtues, vices, and misfortunes alike have eaten into its being like deadly acids.

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UNDER THE YELLOW FLAG

By KATHERINE MAYO

THE yellow flag was flying in Franklin County. Over those beautiful hill-sides a deadly wave of smallpox was creeping, as bush-fires creep in the fall. The thing had begun in one remote village, had gained headway before it was noticed, and now, with its out-reaching tentacles, spread fear in the land.

Dr. Dixon, the Health Commissioner, had sent his Assistant Chief Medical Inspector to stamp out the scourge, and the Assistant Chief, Dr. J. C. Hunt, wise, vigorous and full of nerve, was exactly the sort of a man for the task. He promptly took all the steps that the emergency indicated. He identified the infected houses, declared them quarantined, explained to the inmates and to the people at large the meaning and necessity of the measure. And then, to insure strict observance of rules, he swore in a large number of local residents to act as guards, and gave them deputy's authority.

The best element in the communities came forward for this service, appreciating its literally vital importance as the less intelligent classes could not do. And then the doctor and his assistants started in to vaccinate the countryside while there was yet time.

But they did not believe in vaccination. More than that, they believed it bad. Whole villages united in common outcry against it. Evasion, passive resistance, could not content them here. They would run away from the doctors, simply, but if the doctors used Lem Patterson and his guards to capture and hold them, then they would fight. And fight they did, with such arms as they possessed.

Moreover, now that the ice was broken, they brought their arms into wider employ. They attacked the doctor's guards set upon infected houses and drove them away with shotgun fire. Then they paraded out openly by the front-

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door, such of them as were well enough to walk, and went where they pleased. And the discomforted citizen guards threw up their jobs.

"We don't mind the work," said they to the doctor. "We'd be glad to do that. But we do object to being the helpless targets for guns. And the whole thing's a farce, anyway. You can't control the situation. The disease will run its course."

Incidentally, the course on which it was embarked involved a peculiar threat. Raging first in the towns and hamlets, it had spread through scattering settlements, and thence abroad over the hills. Directly in its line of progress rose Mont Alto. And on Mont Alto stands the State's greatest tuberculosis Sanatorium, with its hosts of sick. Smallpox introduced into that dense throng would be horrible beyond words, and smallpox was drawing nearer to it every day and hour. Under such pressure, and after it had exhausted all the means at its own command the Health Department appealed to the Department of State Police.

On May 20th, three men from "D" Troop arrived on the scene. Eleven days later four men from "B" Troop were sent to re-enforce them, the combined details thenceforth working under command of Private William A. Kane, late Corporal 21st United States Infantry.

The men were generally quartered in Waynesboro, the most central available point in the infected field. At once they laid hold on their task in the Force's fashion, while the late citizen guard stood by and watched them work. Their first step was to look over the situation and master its details. This, because of their training, they could do with speed, so that Trooper Kane was shortly in a position intelligently to organize and put his system in motion.

At six o'clock in the morning, as the plan worked, the Troopers rode out on patrol. Their route covered thirty-four miles. At ten o'clock at night the day patrol returned to quarters. At ten o'clock at night the night patrol rode out, returning to quarters at six in the morning. The men were all in uniform and, by constantly varying their route and the hour of their appearance at any given point, they contrived to make their scanty numbers tell to the greatest advantage.

But another influence worked with them, far more potent than numbers. Another power hovered over them,

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immeasurably strengthening their hands. They rode surrounded with the prestige of their fame.

This was the county that had bled and paid and bitten the dust for year on year at the whim of Israel Drake and of Carey Morrison. These were the men—these silent men in sombre uniform, these "State Wildcats," these "Black Hussars," who with a single stroke had delivered the country from Drake and Morrison as a child is delivered from a bad dream.

"If the State Police want a man out of here they send him a postcard and he comes in," the saying ran. Quietly and without debate the people obeyed the State Police.

So the citizen guard, having made its observations, came back to the doctor, and said: "Now we will work with you, and do our best. We are satisfied that no one will attack us while the Troopers are on the job."

The accession of this aid facilitated the Troopers' work. The citizen guards were in the main reliable and intelligent. Under proper protection they were efficient.

The local authorities now placed them wherever cases or contact cases were known to exist, and the Trooper patrols, arriving at unexpected moments, day or night, to inspect each post, inspired vigilance in the guards as well as obedience in the guarded. By this means, the Troopers soon learned not only which of the deputies could really be trusted, but also which of the infected families were sufficiently intelligent and conscientious to be left unwatched. Once assured of this latter point, they procured the removal of the guard, liberating him for real service elsewhere.

Accompanying the Health Department doctors on trips of investigation, they saved much precious time merely by the attitude that their presence inspired. Again, they escorted the doctors on vaccination tours, producing orderly submission where without them no vaccination could have taken place. Often, at first, parents would send their children out into the woods to hide, at the news of the doctor's approach. Discovering this, the Trooper escort would lead the doctor away on his route and then, by a quick reverse, would bring him back through the woods to the house. By this means they would catch the children returning to their homes, and then and there care for them. Often, also, it was necessary for the Trooper to

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stand by the patient's side, in an infected house, while the doctor worked, and thus each man in the detail became familiar with every aspect and care of the disease.

The knowledge was of inestimable value to them later on, as they extended their patrols into districts too sparsely settled or too distant for the busy doctors to visit except on positive knowledge of need. As they rode over the mountain trails, from cabin to cabin, or across country among the scattered valley farms, they took pains to acquaint themselves, in their friendly way, with the composition and the individuals of each household. When one was missing, they enquired where he had gone. If they learned or suspected that he was ailing, they managed a glimpse of *him, and then their knowledge of the disease told them* how to act.

Daily, as they discovered the presence either of the sickness or of contact cases, they were obliged to impose quarantine on new houses. And in remote points the imposition, so necessary to the general welfare, would have worked great hardship but for the passings of the patrol. The Trooper, on his daily round, would stop to enquire the condition and needs of the family, and would see, moreover, that those needs were supplied. He would get the message to the grocer or the druggist in the nearest settlement, and, whatever might have been his action otherwise, no grocer, druggist or any other purveyor neglected a request made through the State Police.

In the course of this work, the Troopers acquired a minute knowledge of the entire country-side, and found and relieved many cases of acute suffering and destitution that must otherwise have gone on to a pitiful end.

Thus, early one morning, Trooper Kane was circling about the Mont Alto Sanatorium, on a five-mile radius, when he came upon a trail that suggested a dwelling somewhere back in the woods. Following it, he discovered a little frame house hidden away in the brush. It was paintless, grey and weatherbeaten. A gnarled old apple-tree spread its arms before it, as though to protect it with the outreaching hopes and care of an earlier and happier generation. But the little farming that had been done around it, by weedy and stunted rows, by sickly growths and crooked planting, told its own story of discouragement, weakness and lack.

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As Trooper Kane reined up his horse at the opening of the trail, and stood for an instant quietly looking at the house, its door opened and a man came out. He was a young man, dressed in the mountain garb. His attitude bespoke utter misery. Without so much as a glance about him, he dropped down on the step and buried his head in his hands.

"Good morning!" called Trooper Kane, riding closer.

The man raised his head. His eyes were full of fever. The mark of the pest was upon him, strong and beyond dispute. But he made no reply.

The Trooper bethought himself. This must be the man he had heard about, down at the valley blacksmith shop—the trapper who had lived here all his life alone, until, some eight months since, he had married and brought the girl home to his solitary abode.

"How's your wife?" the Trooper essayed.

The question unlocked the other's lips. "She's sick!" he moaned, "awful sick. She's got a terrible pain in her side. And we ain't got no food in the house at all. And —I don't know what's come over me—but I can't seem even to tote my gun to go hunt a little meat for her. She's starving."

Again his head dropped into his hands, his fingers clenched weakly in his sunburnt hair. The tears were splashing slowly on the door-step.

"Cheer up!" said the Trooper. "I'll see to this. Do you have a family doctor?"

"No."

"Where does the nearest doctor live?"

"Down in Quincy. But he won't come here. I've sent for him different times, but he always says no. He knows we can't pay."

"How about groceries? Where do you deal?"

"We ain't got no money left, I tell ye. We can't get groceries nowhere, nor nothin' else."

Trooper Kane knew that the State Doctor could not be brought to that remote point before late afternoon; knew also that this household must be relieved immediately; further, that it lay outside of the confines of Franklin County, in the County of Adams.

So, hastening to the nearest telephone, he called up the

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Poor Department of Adams County, and officially notified it to send out a doctor and supplies at once.

The Doctor, on his arrival, diagnosed the girl's trouble as appendicitis in an advanced stage, and confirmed the Trooper's judgment of the ailment of the husband. He then assumed general charge. But it remained incumbent upon the State Police, nevertheless, to see to the maintenance of quarantine.

Next day the sick girl died.

And then it appeared that all the mountain-side, that had taken no thought of her while she lived, that would have let her die of starvation, was bent on coming to her funeral! Now, half this ambitious public either actually had smallpox in a light form, or had been so much exposed to it as to be dangerous. Should such an assemblage take place, the other half could scarcely fail to be infected. Trooper Kane therefore forbade the funeral party. But, knowing the passion of the mountain-folk for that form of gathering, he dared not trust to their obedience. So he arranged that his best citizen allies should be stationed at the graveyard, in numbers sufficient to control the mountaineers should they try to break through by force; and that others, meantime, should guard the infected house from curious visitors.

But now, as the hour drew near, the husband himself complicated the case, entreating to be allowed to go to the grave. "Seems like I *couldn't* let no one else touch her," he moaned.

"Do you think it could be done?" asked the Trooper, moved by that piteous grief.

"Well," growled the doctor, "he'd have physical strength enough and plenty, with the desire that's in him. But you know the danger as well as I do."

"I wish we could fix it, somehow. It surely is hard!"

"I'll tell you," the Doctor conceded. "If you want to go with him yourself and see not one soul comes near, I'll say yes."

"All right, I'll do that much for the poor chap. Will you get word to the guards at the graveyard that they're dismissed, and tell them to tell the people I'm taking their place."

"I'll do it myself," said the Doctor, and hurried away.

The trapper owned no kind of wagon. All his little

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journeyings had been made on foot, or on the back of an old saddle horse, his wife riding pillion behind him. For work about his place, he had used a drag, such as Indians make of long sapling poles, two ends serving as shafts while the other two rest on the ground, supporting the burden between them. Today it must serve for another purpose. There was nothing else to use.

Green branches lay in a heap by the doorstep. He had gone to the heart of the wood for them and had chosen the freshest. Now he led out his horse, harnessed between the shafts of the drag. Over its rough lashings he spread the boughs orderly, standing back to survey them with anxious eyes, covering here the brown of a branch, there taking away an imperfect leaf, while the Trooper, waiting apart, looked on in silence. At last, his preparations done, he disappeared into his house and shut the door. Some moments passed without sound from within. Then the door opened, and the trapper came forth, bearing his dead in his arms. No need to ask whence came his strength to do it. Gently he laid her down on the boughs, tenderly he disposed her dress, and touched her soft yellow hair with his trembling fingers. There she lay, among the leaves of oak and ash, and the flowering laurel branches, her long hands folded on her breast, her young face turned up to the blue sky, white as the floating clouds and as peaceful.

A moment the two stood looking at her there. Then the sick man turned to the Trooper.

"I guess we'll be goin'," said he. "Come, Jim." And the old horse started down the leafy trail.

Where has been seen a procession more touching? Under the arching green of hemlock and birch, over grey stones and thick, soft mosses, the ancient horse, lean, sunken-eyed, moving slowly with hanging head. At his bridle a man of body sick unto death, of heart more desolate, a man poor and weak and pitiful always. Then the couch of green boughs and rosy blossoms and the dead girl lying on it, sweet and holy, her white face turned to the sky. And last their one friend on earth—the tall young soldier in his rigid, faultless uniform, brave and kind and very sad and reverent, speaking power from every line of his clean, hard limbs and his strong, intelligent, trust-inspiring face. So the branches close behind them, over

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the narrow trail, and they pass slowly on, unseen, to the burial place.

In the little mountain grave-yard, they found the grave dug, ready, a spade left sticking in the fresh earth heaped at its side. On the verge stood a rough pine box, its lid loose, a hammer and nails upon it.

Once more the sick man lifted his dead, and laid her down in that rude coffin, with the oak and the ash beneath her and the laurel near her face. Then the soldier nailed the lid fast, and so they two together lowered the coffin into its place. No clergyman was there, no minister, only those two, with old Jim and the dead.

They looked at each other, hesitating.

"I wish there could ha' been something said" . . . murmured the man sick of a fever, his cracked lips quivering.

. . . "Couldn't you say a prayer?" ventured the other.

"I never knowed a prayer in all my life. But—she'd ha' wanted it . . . she'd ha' wanted it bad."

Then the Trooper knew what was required of him. In the many years of his service his duty had come in multitudinous shapes, cast by the multitudinous sudden needs of the people. But this one thing had never come before. An enormous diffidence engulfed him, in which his brain gasped and drifted. But there lay that poor, bare coffin, waiting in the grave, and there were the hungry helpless eyes of the man fixed upon him. He started back, blankly. He could not refuse. But where were the words? Where? . . . Then, like a fragment out of a dream he saw himself kneeling at the chancel rail, the chalice passing, heard the voice of the celebrant.

"I can only remember one little one . . ."

"Please!"

So the young soldier bared his head and knelt, the other following. Very slowly he spoke—very clearly, very reverently:

"'The blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was shed for thee, preserve thy body and soul unto everlasting life.' Amen."

"Amen," echoed the sick man. Then he turned away and covered his ears with his hands, while the Trooper grasped the spade.

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Endless were the deeds of mercy that the patrols performed, while riding their long tours through regions but for them unvisited; merciful the order that they imposed, checking the spread of disaster. But the work, for themselves, was heavy. As to the horses, only by the best of care could they have borne such taxing.

At ten o'clock every night, at six o'clock every morning, when the patrols came off duty, each man worked long on his horse, rubbing him, bathing him, bandaging his legs, before giving a thought to his own comfort. And then, very frequently, when the horse was at ease, the man would start away on foot in pursuit of some extra service, unrelated to the quarantine work, and therefore to be undertaken only outside the hours of quarantine duty.

Acting according to the principle of the Force, Trooper Kane encouraged his men, on patrols, not to be content with the simple duty of the moment, but to take every opportunity to inform themselves of the character, general and particular, of the people among whom they passed. Stopping at the store, or the blacksmith shop, calling on the doctor, they were tactfully to feel out the personnel of the place. What wrongs had been done there in recent times? Who had gone to prison and why? In what manner had he done his deed?—down to the last detail. If he had since been released, what was his subsequent history?

All these matters the Trooper led his men to relate and talk over together when they met, at meals or elsewhere, in order to increase their general knowledge and to store their minds for future need. For it is a fact known to criminology that a man's style in crime is almost as distinctive as his style in handwriting. The whole State was the province of these young officers of the law, and it behooved them to learn all that they could of the person and habits of every criminal therein.

Then the people themselves, appreciating their rare opportunity, and believing, apparently, that State Police officers were immune from need of sleep or rest, brought them a hundred requests for help in matters that they knew not how otherwise to handle.

A matter that cost them many a period of the sleep they had so richly earned by long, hard hours of patrolling, was the arrest of one Bill Barnes, undertaken at the

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request of the local authorities. Bill Barnes was the gadfly of his people—a sort of stinging will-o'-the-wisp, not deadly as yet, but irritating, destructive, subversive of peace. Many warrants were out against him, for assault and battery, malicious mischief, robbery, but to serve those warrants was beyond the ability of the local powers. His delight was to terrorize the women at the times when the men were away at work—to enter their houses and demand food at the revolver's point. He revelled in sudden appearances at farmers' outdoor festivals, at church lawn-parties and the like, when, for example, he would swagger into the place, seize an ice-cream saucer from the hands of a girl, whirl it high into the air, shoot it to bits as it whirled, kiss the girl, help himself to what he liked, shoot all the glasses from the telephone poles, and be off at his own good will, protected by his proven skill in the arms he brandished.

He came of respectable village parentage, but his fancy was for the hills. He knew every trail in the mountains, and lived among the heights for considerable periods without any other shelter than such as he made from night to night of fresh-cut boughs. On the lower slopes, in the valleys, he was as wary as a bird. In the high forest he mocked all pursuers. Moreover, when there, he was beyond any constable's jurisdiction.

If the Troopers, one or two of them, could have settled down to uninterrupted attention to the trial of Bill Barnes, it would have been another matter. But they could chase him only at intervals, when off quarantine patrol, when in the time allotted them for sleep. Night after night, following some word of his whereabouts, the men off duty jumped out of their beds and raced away in the dark. They could not use their horses, of course, for the horses must have their scanty rest; and this added to the handicap.

All this contributed hugely to the gaiety of Bill Barnes. Often he would stop farmers on some lonely road, relieve them of their tobacco and odd cash, and instruct them to carry an invitation to the State Troopers to come to an indicated point that night and take him. Often again, he would actually accompany his own pursuers on a parallel line within the forest, observe their every move, and send them a jeering report of it afterward.

So, late one afternoon, word came to the Troopers' lodgings that Bill Barnes was in the vicinity of Beartown.

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The night patrol, off duty, led by Trooper Kane, immediately started for that region,—a part into which their work had not led them before. Making inquiries, they presently established the probable general location of their man. He was flying lower than was his habit, down on the tilled lands.

On this somewhat vague information, the detail was cutting across country when one of the men caught a glimpse that gave him pause. Through a break in the foliage, he could see a wheat-field, some eight acres broad. It covered a little hillock running up neatly from every side to a central height. Capping the height rose a great chestnut tree. In the topmost crotch of the chestnut, silhouetted against the sky, perched a man, busy about some small handiwork.

"That's no natural sight," said the officer to himself, and he pointed it out to the rest.

"I'll try stealing up on him," said Trooper Kane.

Softly, softly he stalked him, as he had learned to stalk in the Philippine bush. But the eyes of the tree-man roved all abroad. He saw his pursuer when the latter was yet three thousand yards or more away. Like a flash he slid out of the tree, fleetly crossed the field, disappeared in the wood and, a few minutes later was screaming defiance from a high ledge far above.

"Come up and get me, you snails! You'll never get Bill Barnes!"

"He's right," said Trooper Kane to the rest. "We'll never catch him like this. With three minutes' start he can lose us in these woods any time. Moreover, we mustn't hunt him every day. It keeps him too much on guard. But let's go over and see what he was doing up that tree, before we quit."

Under the tree, with some oily rags, lay other traces that told what had busied the bird that had flown. He had been cleaning his gun.

Now, Bill had a brother, who lived in the mountain heights. His house stood in a small clearing cut out of the thick forest, and here, it was known, Bill sometimes came for food. The dense brush and timber that surrounded the place on three sides offered such facile escape, in the unlikely case of need, that he felt but little danger there. So Trooper Kane, informed of the fact, now turned to the

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farmers on the encompassing slopes with the request that they send him word when they had knowledge of Bill's presence in his brother's house.

Willing enough they were to help, for all had suffered petty robberies, insolences and fright at Bill Barnes's hands. The women in especial were keen to aid. And so it was by a farmer's wife that Trooper Kane was called to the telephone one morning not long afterward. "Bill Barnes has just gone up to his brother's place," said she. "Coming up the mountain just now, I saw him cutting across a clearing straight that way."

Private Rose lay on his cot. He had been out on a more than commonly long and stiff patrol, and was now deep in his second hour's sleep.

"Rose!" said Kane.

"Huh?"

"Bill Barnes!"

Rose resurrected himself from the nethermost depths. It was like pulling the bottom out of the sea. "Bill Barnes?" said he. "All right. Just let me put my head under the pump."

Meantime Kane was considering; he wanted a disguise that would carry him unsuspected into hands' reach of his man. Up in the hills to the south of the point where Barnes was now supposed to be, lay the town of Penmar, astride the Pennsylvania-Maryland line. In summer Penmar was much frequented by Baltimoreans, including many college boys. And these people, in driving about over the mountains, not infrequently used the road that led past Bill's brother's house.

"We must get into civilian clothes," said Kane. Then they went out and bought themselves caps such as the holiday boys at Penmar were wearing, hired a horse and buggy at the livery stable, and started up into the heights.

As they neared their general field Kane, who was driving, turned and inspected his companion with more critical care. Dissatisfaction lingered in his look.

"Somethin's wrong with you, Rose," he said, at last. "I can't make out just what. Yes! That's it! Your shoulders. Can't you do something to them? Slouch, man! Take the life out of your spine."

Rose did his best to obey, but he, too, was staring critically at his comrade. "I don't know that Bill would

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notice it," said he, "but your face is all wrong. Can't you make your mouth sort of pulpy? And look fluffy all over? Like, as Mr. Muldoon says, you were ninety per cent foolishness and ten per cent meat?"

Kane grinned. "I'll try that, too," said he. "It doesn't sound hard. Now we must sing. We can't, but we've got to. *No!* 'He may be a brother to William H. Taft' won't do. Sing 'Old Black Joe.' All together!"

Carolling idly, they approached the house, passed it with no more than the casual glance of the strolling explorer, and drove on for a quarter of a mile beyond. There they turned, still singing, and retraced their route.

"This gives 'em a chance to have thought us over and sized us up," said Kane. Now they'll make up their minds that we're only harmless youngsters from Penmar and won't suspect us. Whereas, if we'd got out of the buggy the first time past, Bill, if he's there, would have been off and away into the woods in no time."

Once more in front of the house they stopped, leisurely alighted, and made for the two doors. Kane taking the front, Rose the rear. They entered simultaneously. The room had but a single occupant. That occupant was Bill Barnes, sitting eating at a table, squarely between them.

"Hello, Bill," said Kane.

"How are you?" responded Bill, a big piece of corn-cake in one hand and a cup of coffee in the other.

"Bill," pursued the Trooper, "we are officer of the State Police. I think you'll admit we've got you this time."

Bill Barnes gave the two men a long look. Rose had forgotten to slouch by now, and Kane had let his mouth go its own way. Then the wild man did a peculiar thing. Without a motion toward his side-arms, still clutching his rations, he swung around in his chair, and presented his feet to the view of his visitors.

"Look at them soles!" said he. "Look at them holes! That's come from running over the mountains. You fellows keep me on the jump. I'm tired of it. I'm glad, since it's you, that you've caught me. But,"——and his face darkened—"if it had been that constable down in the Valley that tried it, *I'd a killed him just as sure as I breathe.* . . . Can I have time to finish this meal?"

"Sure. Eat all you want," said Kane.

When he had done, the two Troopers took him in their

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buggy down to the valley town. All the way he chatted pleasantly, running over the incidents of the chase just ended, and he offered no resistance at all.

But in the valley, infinitely as the people rejoiced in his capture, mild as he now seemed, no one wanted to handle Bill Barnes. They knew that what he had just protested as to their constable, for example, was the bare truth.

"One more job, then, for the crew of the Captain's gig!" said Rose.

And so, next day, a Trooper, officially off duty, accompanied by Trooper Kane, who was never off duty, being responsible for all, took Bill to Chambersburg, the county town, and delivered him into the hands of the Law. And the Law sent him to prison for a term of years.

The continuous warp of quarantine service, with all that it involved, was thus overlaid by a woof almost as continuous of incidental criminal work. Only men in the pink of condition and the prime of youth, imbued with a devoted spirit of service, could have stood the long strain. But these men, one and all, were inspired with the true spirit of the Force. They felt a keen resentment of the pretension of their own physical needs to limit their work. They desired, above all things, to meet every call, and that in the end, when this page was turned, it should stand as a record of good work, faithfully done in heaping measure to the honor of the Squadron.

Endless were the burdens so cast upon the State Police officers. Crop thieves and cattle thieves to catch; chicken-stealing to stop and punish; highway robbers to be found and arrested; yeggmen to be seized, and all superimposed on the quarantine work, not one iota of which could even be abated. No proper request, moreover, was refused, when a man remained available to respond to it.

Little by little, by steady progress, the pestilence sank, the death rate lowered. But not until three months had passed was the quarantine raised. Then, in an hour, off rode Trooper Kane and his men, 'cross country in a hurry on a new mission, this time to exorcise burglars from clamoring Huntington County.

KATHERINE MAYO.

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Dirge

By Theodore Maynard

If on a day it should befall
That love must have her funeral;
And men weep tears that love is dead,
That never more her gracious head
Can turn to meet their eyes and hold
Their hearts with chains of silky gold;
That never more her hands can be
As dear as was virginity;
That in her coffin there is laid
Beauty, the body of a maid,
The body of one so piteous sweet,
With candles burning at her feet
And cowled monks singing requiem. . . .

I think I would not go with them,
Her lordly lovers, to the place
Where lies that lovely mournful face,
That curving throat and marvellous hair
Under the sconces' yellow flare—
How shall a man be comforted
When love is dead, when love is dead?

But I would make my moan apart,
Keeping my dreams within my heart—
For guarded as a sepulchre
Shall be the house I built for her
Of silver spires and pinnacles
With carrillons of mellow bells,
A house of song for her delight
Whose joy was as the strong sunlight—
But now love's ultimate word is said,
For love is dead, for love is dead!

But even should all hope be lost
Some memory, like a thin white ghost,
Might stealthily move in midnight hours
Among those silent sacred towers,
And glimmer on the moonlit lawn
Until the cold ironic dawn
Arises from her saffron bed—
When love is dead, when love is dead.

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Garments

MARGUERITE WILKINSON

Life has taken from us our garments of pleasure,
  Merry colors woven well Life has laid aside;
But we have put on again the old robe of courage,
  Wearing what our fathers wore even till they died.

Lads wear it as the sky wears the flame of morning;
  Women wear it; like the dusk, it folds their spirits in;
And strong men wear it as the grim, gusty winter
  Wears a coat of icy mail in winds screaming thin.

Life has stripped away the quaint motley of the jester,
  Life has taken pretty pearls and laces from the queen,
Life has torn the scholar's hood, the veils of the dreamer,
  And many a little cloak of joy that kept out beauty clean.

But the old generations have given us their garment
  Of the harsh cloth and heavy that man has often worn,
And we have put on again the old robe of courage—
  And this shall not be taken, and this shall not be torn!

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ON PUTTING LITERATURE INTO THE DRAMA

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

In the early eighties of the last century the Authors Club was founded in New York. At its gatherings men of letters came together for informal converse,—poets and playwrights, novelists and essayists, historians and philosophers. In their several degrees they were all makers of books, but they regarded literature each from his own special angle; and the unexpected result of this interchange of view was a broadening of the outlook of those whose vision had been too narrowly focussed on their own field of endeavor.

At one of these reunions I chanced to be the third of a group of which the other two were Bronson Howard and Richard Henry Stoddard. At a pause in our conversation, Stoddard turned to Howard and asked a rather condescending question.

"Howard," he asked, "why don't you sometimes put a little literature into your pieces?"

The playwright was not at all disconcerted.

"That is an easy question to answer," he replied. "I never *put* literature into my plays because I respect my art too much."

I doubt if Stoddard perceived the significance of the slight emphasis that Howard had given to the word *put*. He made no rejoinder; and our talk drifted to other topics.

Stoddard's inquiry revealed an attitude not uncommon among men of letters who take little interest in the theater and who are accustomed to consider the drama from the literary point of view. They think of a play as something intended only to be read and to be judged solely in the study and not also on the stage. What Stoddard sought in a play was "literary merit," so-called, that is to say, style, rhetoric, verbal brilliancy; and he gave little heed to the more necessary merits of invention and construction. In

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his eyes fine writing made a fine play; and it was because most of the poets of our language took this view persistently in the nineteenth century, that the English drama was then so sterile. Their attitude was not unfairly represented in the characteristic remark of Bayes in *The Rehearsal* when he inquired what a plot was for—"except to bring in good things." And by good things they meant glittering similes, pointed antitheses and an unending effulgence of figures of speech. They would have had little sympathy with Joubert's incisive declaration that "what is wanted is not merely the poetry of images but the poetry of ideas." They expected the dramatist to construct his decoration and they were dissatisfied if he only decorated his construction.

The quarrel is ancient, if it is not honorable; and the men of letters could have pointed with pride to Seneca and to the Italians of the Renascence and to the French who followed in the footsteps of the Italians. But they would have found no support in the practice or in the precepts of the great Greek dramatists or of the great dramatists of the modern languages. The great dramatists know better than any one else that plays do not live by style alone, but by substance, by invention and by construction, by imagination and by veracity. A good play must be well written, no doubt, but before it is written it must be well conceived and well developed; it must have a theme; it must have a story which reveals itself in a sequence of situations; and this plot must be peopled with human beings who look like human beings, who talk like human beings, and who act like human beings.

While the words by means of which these characters disclose themselves and carry on the action are important, they are far less important than the action itself. Moreover, true "literary merit" does not reside in the smoothness of the external rhetoric but in the vigorous harmony of the internal elements which enable the play to stand four-square to all the winds that blow. It is by the force of these internal elements that a drama maintains itself in the theater, even if it is more or less by its external charm of style that it pleases us also in the library. In the playhouse the play appeals to the playgoers, an incongruous mass made up of all sorts and conditions of men; and the verdict of this mass is always sincere and it has always had

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the high respect of the great dramatists, who have indeed paid little or no regard to any other verdict. Probably most of the great dramatists would unhesitatingly subscribe to the assertion of one of the most adroit playwrights of our own time, Mr. William Gillette, when he declared that dramatic authors find the public "honest and straightforward with us always, ever ready to be moved by what is true and lifelike and human, provided it be made interesting; ever ready to reject the false and artificial, even though it be festooned with literary gems."

"Festooned with literary gems"! Could there be an apter description of the "literature" that is *put* into a play, in the vain hope of disguising its falsity and its artificiality and of concealing its lack of truth and humanity? A dramatist who understands his art and respects it, never tries to "put" literature into his plays; he confines his effort to putting life into them, well aware that if he achieves sincerity and veracity, he will also attain literature without having strained for it.

The overmastering desire to be "literary" on all occasions and at all costs has wrecked the hopes of many an ambitious man of letters when he has sought success on the stage. Stevenson, for example, believed that the artificiality of his *Deacon Brodie,* its falsity to life, could be atoned for by its sheer verbal beauty. He was able to give his story this external merit; but he neglected to give it the necessary internal merit of sincerity. He amused himself by playing with his subject, instead of wrestling with it after fasting and prayer. He tried to palm off on the public a verbal veneer as a substitute for the solid mahogany which the public expected. Clever as he was, he failed to see that a living drama depends upon a stark simplicity of structure, which may admit of decoration but which does not demand this because it has ever the undeniable beauty of perfect design, a beauty equally undeniable even when it is unadorned.

Voltaire was a man of letters, beyond all question, but he was also a man with a wide and varied experience in the theater; and it was this experience which once led him to set forth the essential qualities of a play:

> Compact a lofty and interesting event in the space of two or three hours; bring forward the several characters only when they each

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ought to appear; never leave the stage empty; develop a plot as probable as it is attractive; say nothing unnecessary; instruct the mind and more the heart; be eloquent always and with the eloquence proper to every character represented; use a language as pure as the most careful prose without permitting the fetters of rhyme to interfere with the thought,—these are the conditions now imposed on tragedy.

And if we strike out the injunction never to leave the stage empty and the advice about rhyme—monitions of value only in French tragedy—we have here a characteristically penetrating analysis.

Man of letters as Voltaire was above all else, he did not ask the intending playwright to spend any of his energy on the effort to be "literary." Even when he prescribed the duty of being "eloquent always," he qualified this and explained his real meaning by adding, "with the eloquence proper to every character represented." Plainly enough Voltaire was out of sympathy with the many poets of his own time who were wont to rely on festoons of literary gems and whose verbal glitter was often only paste. With the same insight into the true conditions of dramatic composition, Voltaire, on another occasion, declared that tragedy welcomes metaphor and abhors simile. "Why? Because a metaphor, when it is natural, belongs to passion; but a simile belongs only to the intelligence."

When we consider the plays of Shakespeare in the order in which he wrote them, it is interesting to see how he indulged freely in simile in the days of his apprenticeship to the art of playmaking; and how, as he gained a firmer grasp on the principles of the art, he banished simile and relied almost altogether upon metaphor. In *Love's Labor's Lost,* for example, which is probably his earliest attempt at comedy, we can observe him joyfully displaying his own verbal dexterity, delighting in conceits and in fanciful comparisons, juggling with words for their own sake. Something of this he retained even when he wrote his youthful tragedy *Romeo and Juliet,* where we can catch him in the act, so to speak, of "putting literature into a play." But there is nothing of this in the *Macbeth* of his maturity; that achieves literature inevitably, by its simple veracity, and seemingly without over-exertion on his part, In *Love's Labor's Lost* we can detect his own consciousness of his cleverness, whereas in *Macbeth* he has ceased to be clever and is content to be true.

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In nothing is Shakespeare's ultimate mastery of his craft more clearly disclosed than in the unerring certainty with which he employed prose or blank verse as the varying episodes of his story seemed to demand the one or the other. In *Julius Caesar,* for instance, Brutus and Cassius and Mark Antony, the loftier figures of the tragedy, speak in blank verse; the less important characters make use of a rhythmic prose, effectively cadenced but lacking the rigorous restrictions of meter; the plebeians and the mob express their emotions and their opinions in bare prose.

Most of the modern poets of our language when they have essayed the five-act tragedy have failed to profit by Shakespeare's example. They have not dared to drop into prose, even in dealing with the unpoetic commonplaces of everyday existence. They never cease to walk on stilts, because they are forever trying to put literature into their plays. "The ordinary English poetical play varies between rather slack and formless meter, and ornate, involved and ultra-poetical diction," so Professor Gilbert Murray asserts; and he goes on:

> The first enables the poet to slide into prose when asking for his boots; the second, almost unassisted, has to keep up the poetic quality of the atmosphere. It does so, of course, at the expense of directness, and often with the ruinous result that where you have Drama you have killed Poetry, and where you have Poetry you have killed Drama.

Professor Murray has here placed his finger on the prevailing defect of the English poetical play of the middle of the nineteenth century. It insisted on being "poetical" at all times and at any cost. It was the result of a mistaken belief that a play could be made poetical by applying a varnish of "poetry." And a belief equally mistaken led the writers of English comedy of the same period to besprinkle their dialogue with hand-made witticisms, with alleged epigrams, distributed lavishly to all the characters, even to the dullest and the least capable of making a joke. In the insubstantial comic pieces of H. J. Byron, anybody would say anything, however inappropriate, to anybody else, if this could be made a cue for a cut and dried repartee. The spectators of these highly unreal pieces could not doubt that Byron kept a notebook in which he jotted down every joke, every quip and every pun that came to him;

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and they could almost see him taking out one or another of these merry jests to pin it into his dialogue as best he could.

"The sure sign of a general decline of an art is the frequent occurrence, not of deformity, but of misplaced beauty," said Macaulay with his customary common sense. "In general, tragedy is corrupted by eloquence and comedy by wit." Perhaps it is rather grandiloquence than actual eloquence which marks the decline of tragedy; but that comedy is debased by a perpetual questing of epigram, falsely so-called, must be admitted at once. The disappearance of the factitious and laborious "wit" from our more recent plays is evidence that modern comedy is recovering its health.

Oscar Wilde was the latest English comic dramatist to indulge in incessant fireworks. But it is an error to suppose that his success on the stage was due to his scintillations and his corruscations. His best comedies are solidly built, with an ingenious story carefully elaborated into a compelling plot. The pleasure which we get from *Lady Windimere's Fan* is only in small part derived from its rattle of witticisms, often highly arbitrary in themselves and sometimes very arbitrarily distributed. Indeed, there are already signs that the persistent and insistent crackle of the dialogue is beginning to be annoying to latter-day audiences. We are losing our liking for an external dazzle which distracts our attention from the internal action artfully arranged to arouse and to retain our interest.

Even if *Lady Windimere's Fan* is not quite sincere in its portrayal of character and not quite veracious in its dealing with life, it has an ingeniously articulated action which would retain its potency even if the play should be translated into German and thence into Spanish and finally back into English,—an operation which would certainly brush off all the spangles that now glisten in the dialogue. Yet we may be assured that these forced and fortuitous quips and quirks were not injected continuously because the author believed it to be his duty to put literature into his play, but rather because he recognized that he had to maintain his own reputation as a wit, as a manufacturer of cleverness, as a retailer of "good things." And it may be admitted that in bestowing this deliberate brilliance on his dialogue, Wilde was dutifully following in the footsteps of

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the two masters of the English comedy of manners, Congreve and Sheridan.

In the third quarter of the nineteenth century the French drama also suffered from an epidemic of epigram. The foremost French comedy of that time, the *Gendre de M. Poirier* of Augier and Sandeau, was more or less infected by this malady; and the chief rival of the *Gendre de M. Poirier,* the *Demi-Monde* of the younger Dumas, has been quarantined by later French critics because of its feverish eruption of witticisms. It is only fair to record that Dumas recovered and that in his later *Françillon* there is scarcely a single example of calculated repartee. The dialogue of *Françillon* seems spontaneous even when it is at its cleverest, whereas that of the *Demi-Monde* strikes us to-day as mannered and metallic. The French dramatists of the twentieth century may even be accused of having reacted a little too violently from the practices of their immediate predecessors, since they appear almost to avoid wit.

So long as the dramatist, French, British or American, was adjusting his plays to the apron-stage which brought the actors almost into personal contact with the audience and which was a platform inviting the characters to be exuberantly grandiloquent in tragedy or confidentially witty in comedy, he was subject to a constant temptation to "put literature into the drama." But this temptation has diminished, if it has not disappeared, now that our playwrights are all working for the picture-frame stage which keeps the actors far distant from the spectators and which therefore places a premium on simple and direct utterance.

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

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PORTRAIT OF MARGARET FULLER

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

SARAH MARGARET FULLER, Marchioness Ossoli, brought the thrill of life wherever she went, though she was often only half alive herself. As a child, from 1820 to 1830, she stirred her Cambridge playmates. As a teacher and talker, she stirred the transcendental circles of Boston. As a writer in New York, she moved men and women with her soul more than with her pen. She went to Italy in the forties, and the Italians loved her and one of them made her a marchioness and a mother. Then the stormy deep engulfed her, as it did Shelley.

Mrs. Cheney, writing in 1902, fifty years after Margaret's death, says: "She is the woman of America who is moulding the lives and the characters of her countrywomen more than any other. It is for her that in the new West, which she was among the first to understand, the women's clubs are named, and both in the East and West audiences gladly listen to all that can be told of her." I wonder if this is as true today as it was then.

The best way to understand Margaret will be to analyze her in three distinct phases, to unfold, as it were, one wrapping after another, until we reach the essential secret of her heart. And first we should see her in that social contact with others which, at any rate in the earlier part of her life, was her ambition and her despair. No one has striven harder than she to accomplish in human relations what those who strive hardest recognize most clearly, in the end, to be impossible.

As a woman, if we are to consider her socially, we must begin by thinking of her appearance. She had a passionate longing to be beautiful; but apparently no one thought her so. She was rather short, rather heavy, had a lofty

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but not attractive carriage, opened and shut her eyes oddly, poised her head oddly. Emerson says that at first she "made a disagreeable impression on most persons . . . to such an extreme that they did not wish to be in the same room with her." She grew aware of this with time, though perhaps she did not wholly understand the causes. "I made up my mind," she says, "to be bright and ugly."

She was bright enough, but there was too much making up the mind about it, and it did not please strangers, nor even, in the early days, people who knew her well. A tradition of intense dislike still surrounds her name for many who can never get over it. Horace Mann, suggesting a popular impression about her family, said that "she had the disagreeableness of forty Fullers"; and certainly at times she did appear to concentrate a large dose of the unattractive. "To the multitude she was a haughty and supercilious person," says one who admired and loved her. However much she may have prized attention and applause, she would not stoop for them. It is doubtful whether the records of history show a woman who began life by declaring, to herself and others, a larger and more sweeping sense of her own power and importance. Her mighty and four-square egotism teased the shy and self-distrustful Hawthorne till he had immortalized it in the Zenobia of the *Blithedale Romance*. It disconcerted the grave Emerson. It annoyed Lowell, "A very foolish, conceited woman." It amused Horace Greeley, who was not without his own fair share of the same quality. But nothing can equal Margaret's words about herself. "There are also in every age a few in whose lot the meaning of that age is concentrated. I feel that I am one of those persons in my age and sex. I feel chosen among women." And again, "I now know all the people worth knowing in America, and I find no intellect comparable to my own." She was fully developed and mature when she said this, and I do not know where you can surpass it.

To be sure, more think these things than say them, and we must accredit Margaret with a royal candor which is not without charm. She said what she thought about herself, and she said what she thought about others right to their faces. Those who were large enough came to appreciate the spirit in which she did it. But many were not large enough, and her best friends admit that she com-

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bined candor with a singular and unfortunate tactlessness.

It must not be supposed, however, that Margaret nursed, or wished to nurse, her self-esteem in private. I have said that she sought society. She did, and with the wish to dominate and control it, to be the leader, if anything at all. She "had an immense appetite for social intercourse," says one who knew her intimately, and she threw herself into this, as into every thing, with the furious ardor which she herself understood so well. "There is no modesty or moderation in me." Wherever she came, she wished to lead, and to dominate whomsoever she met. Yield to her, and she would love you—if she thought you worth while. Resist her, and you became an object of interest, whether she thought you worth while or not.

The means she used to ensnare and captivate were as varied as they were startling. She would adapt herself to every one, be all things to all men and women, if the fancy seized her. Persuasion was just as much at her command as force. Read her own autobiographical story, *Mariana,* with its extraordinary account of her attempts as a child at boarding-school to control and dominate her fellow pupils; the arts and wiles and deceptions she cunningly practised, only to overthrow her influence in the end by her impatient haughtiness and eccentricity. She had, she says of herself, "the same power of excitement that is described in the spinning dervishes of the East." Like them, she would spin until all around her were giddy, while her own brain, instead of being disturbed, was excited to great action. Read, also, Emerson's description of the means she used to overcome his original prejudice:

> She studied my tastes, piqued and amused me, challenged frankness by frankness, and did not conceal the good opinion of me she brought with her, nor her wish to please. She was curious to know my opinions and experiences. Of course, it was impossible long to hold out against such urgent assault.

So others found it besides Emerson. For it must be recognized that this singular creature, who had such a power of making enemies and arousing distaste, had also such immense mental and spiritual resources that her talk was admired and her society sought by the wisest and wittiest persons who came near her. To begin with, she had a belief in conversation, its delights and possibilities, which seems pathetic to those who have pursued the ideal

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of it through an Odyssey of failure. She loved to talk, to make others talk, even to try to make others talk. It must be confessed that, by universal testimony, she had an extraordinary power of stimulation, of taking what seemed to be dull clods and making hearts of them. Madame Arconati wrote Emerson that she had never known a woman with a mind *plus vivifiant*. The word seems final. Her soul touched others and made them live.

All records of these wonderful talkers, all attempts to transmit them to posterity, are more or less unsuccessful. But Margaret has been fortunate in her interpreters. They rarely note her words, but, wisely, the impression she made upon them. And we find it easy to gather what her power of adaptation was in different surroundings. For instance, Horace Greeley found her serious, in the main. "She could be joyous and even merry; but her usual manner, while with us, was one of grave thought, absorption in noble deeds, and in paramount aspirations." How different is Emerson's picture! He does not, indeed, deny the gravity. She could and would talk with ravishing earnestness, and with a frankness, as from man to man, which no man could excel. But what sudden and surprising changes from gravity to mirth, what echoing gayety, what swift and stinging satire, what instant gift of adjustment to the call of circumstances. Again, he says of her power over those she met: "Of personal influence, speaking strictly,—an efflux, that is, purely of mind and character,—excluding all effects of power, wealth, fashion, beauty, or literary fame,—she had an extraordinary degree. I think more than any person I have known." That this could be said of one who had the exceptional elements of repulsion noted in the beginning of this portrait shows that we are dealing with a soul of unusual and fascinating interest.

Nor was Margaret's power over the hearts of others merely an external, temporary, and social one. She could not only startle and stimulate: where she chose, she could inspire profound and lasting attachment. "I at least," says Colonel Higginson, "have never known any woman who left behind an affection so deep and strong. It is now thirty years since her death, and there is scarcely a friend of hers who does not speak of her with as warm a devotion as if she had died yesterday." During a part of her

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life Margaret was a teacher. She taught in various schools and in different places. Under her teaching should also be included her curious attempt to combine the methods of Greek academies and French salons in the public assemblies, held in Boston, which she called "Conversations." It would be easy to cite abundant ridicule of these latter performances. Miss Martineau and many others found them terribly pedantic, and the element of pedantry was not lacking in them. Yet it is incontestable that those who came most under Margaret's influence, either in this way or in her more formal teaching, found an inspiration that lasted them for life.

And all this adoration was not dumb, remote, or incapable of personal transference. What strikes one most of all in Margaret's relation to her fellows is her unusual faculty of eliciting confession from the most varying sources. One does not commonly expect this in persons of such pronounced and self-assertive temperament; but it cannot be denied in her. Emerson was immensely impressed by it. "She drew her companions to surprising confessions."

Especially she was "the interpreter and savior of women," says Mrs. Cheney, "for there was no questioning, no suffering that had not passed through the alembic of her imagination and thought, if not of her actual experience. . . . The largeness of her life and thought made her a great helper."

II

With this largeness of life and thought we may pass from Margaret's social and external relations with others to the inner activity of her intelligence. It may be said at once that hers was not so much a logically creative mind. But her intellect was keen, vivid, illuminating, dashed right into the heart of a subject or a person, plucked out the essential nucleus for herself and others to behold, and then passed on. She abhorred prejudice and convention, wanted the primal elements of things, even things distressing and hateful. "With her," she said of a friend, "I can talk of anything. She is like me. She is able to look facts in the face." She had a splendid analytical power, which shows more in brief touches from casual writings than in her formal works. Thus, of a conversation with Emerson: "He is a much better companion than for-

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merly,—for once he would talk obstinately through the walk, but now we can be silent and see things together." Or more generally, "We need to hear the excuses men make to themselves for their worthlessness."

As is natural and unavoidable, with a person who has this gift of analysis, she applied it first of all, and constantly, to herself. She felt that she accomplished little and got nowhere, and this recognition is the surest mark of her power. "I know little about the mystery of life, and far less in myself than in others." Yet she probed and probed, with inexhaustible, quiet, curious diligence, and she is not one of the least profitable of the anatomizers of soul. Again and again she speaks of herself with quiet detachment, judging her own character and conduct, good and evil, exactly as if she were appraising somebody else.

It is in connection with the profound study of her own nature as well as of the nature of others that we should consider her interesting and elaborate theories of self-development, self-culture, constant spiritual progress. In this she was no doubt greatly influenced by Goethe, who was more of a force in her mental life than any other figure of the past. It is easy to make fun of such deliberate preoccupation with oneself and most of us will maintain that action rather than reflection is the true means of self-development. The greater part of Hawthorne's savage and absurdly exaggerated attack on Margaret is based upon a ludicrous over-estimate of her attempts to revolutionize herself.

> It was such an awful joke, that she should have resolved—in all sincerity, no doubt—to make herself the greatest, wisest, best woman of the age. And to that end she set to work on her strong, heavy, unpliable, and, in many respects defective and evil nature, and adorned it with a mosaic of admirable qualities, such as she chose to possess; putting in here a splendid talent and there a moral excellence, and polishing each separate piece, and the whole together, till it seemed to shine afar and dazzle all who saw it. She took credit to herself for having been her own Redeemer, if not her own Creator.

No one who has carefully studied Margaret's own letters or other writings, or the testimony of those who knew her best, will for a moment accept seriously either these or any other of Hawthorne's severe strictures for more than an outburst of ill-temper. No two characters could have been more different than Hawthorne's and Margaret's; or,

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if they had some points of resemblance, they would have clashed on those resemblances more than on their differences. As to the self-culture, too elaborate theories in this line have again and again defeated themselves in their most intelligent and conscientious exponents. Margaret came to see this in the end. Yet it cannot be denied that no effort was ever more conscientious than hers. Nor can it be denied that the effort was intelligently controlled and that it effected probably as much as has ever been effected by any human being. The constitutional disagreeableness which I have suggested in beginning this study diminished constantly with the progress of years. The narrowness of egotism, largely fostered in youth by seclusion and excessive reading, yielded more and more to the mellowing influences of wider contact with humanity. In her own noble phrase, she "unlearned contempt;" and what positive and negative advancement are summed up in the earnest motto, which she adopted in her youth and clung to always, however differently she may have come to interpret it: "Very early I knew that the only object in life was to grow."

It is hardly necessary to say that Margaret's theories of culture included much more than mere book-learning. Yet her achievements in this line were remarkable. Or perhaps I should say that her powers were even more remarkable than her achievements. She could grasp the meaning of a book swiftly, fit it to its place in the great scheme of thought and spiritual movement, then hasten to something else, perhaps quite different, and accomplish the same result with equal ease and equal sureness. To her, and more and more as she grew older, books were but the interpreters of life, and her keenest and most thoughtful study was given to the hearts of men.

But the most interesting thing about her studies, as about all her pursuits, is the passion with which she threw herself into them. There were moments of spiritual exaltation and enthusiasm. "I am living like an angel, and I don't know how to get down." But these times were paid for in exhaustion and depression and disgust. "I never can do well more than one thing at a time, and the least thing costs me so much thought and feeling; others have no idea of it." Above all, she lived in perpetual distraction. A thousand cares were ever crowding upon her; and when it was not external cares, it was spiritual vexations and

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questions and perplexities. So she struggled onward in a constant turmoil of effort and aspiration; and if her mental kingdom was in some respects ill-coördinated and ill-regulated, at least she was always mentally alive.

Alive, too, in other aspects of spiritual sensibility, besides the merely intellectual. In painting and music, as in thought, what strikes one is rather the effort and passion of her appreciation than its amplitude and security. She touched the great artists widely and sought and fought to make their achievement part of her soul, but she never seems to have entered quite fully into their calm perfection. The same is true of religion. It is interesting and often pathetic, to see her humble, earnest desire for the passion of the mystic and the Christian hope. "My mind often burns with thoughts on these subjects and I long to pour out my soul to some person of superior calmness and strength and fortunate in more accurate knowledge. I should feel such a quieting reaction. But generally I think it is best I should go through these conflicts alone." She went through many of them and they resulted in the formulation of the curious *Credo,* not printed until very recently, which aims at a precision of definition such as neither Emerson nor Goethe would ever have attempted. Doctrinally it has little interest. As throwing psychological light on Margaret it has much, for example, in the splendid and characteristic phrase, "For myself, I believe in Christ because I can do without him."

But the charm of Margaret's sensibility and depth of spiritual emotion shows much better in simpler things than in these more pretentious regions of art and thought. She felt the natural world with peculiar solemnity and intensity. This is evident in her own curious account of the experience of being lost alone for a whole night amid the Highland mountains. It is much more evident in briefer references to New England woods and flowers and fields. You could not find a better antidote to Hawthorne's harsh judgment than this delicate picture of open-air life:

> Many, many sweet little things would I tell you, only they are so very little. I feel just now as if I could live and die here. I am out in the open air all the time except about two hours in the early morning. And now the moon is fairly gone late in the evening. While she was here, we staid out, too. Everything seems sweet here, so homely, so kindly; the old people chatting so contentedly, the young men and girls laughing together in the fields—not vulgarly, but in the true kins-

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folk way—little children singing in the house and beneath the berry-bushes.

When one reads these things, one wonders why Margaret did not leave a greater name in actual literature, why her very numerous writings are not more read to-day.

III

We have yet to uncover Margaret's heart, to pass deeper from her social and worldly aspect and her intellectual and literary interests to the passion and the struggle of the woman.

To begin with, she was a lover, always a lover, even from her childhood. In her own family, her father, stern like herself with Puritan self-restraint, though he was proud of her and taught her and developed her, did not give her all the tenderness she needed. How much she needed it appears in the passionate words she wrote long after his death: "I recollect how deep the anguish, how deeper still the want, with which I walked alone in hours of childish passion and called for a Father, after saying the word a hundred times." The same depth of tenderness she gave in full measure to her brothers and sisters.

And the tenderness was not mere sentiment, but showed in practical action. Mr. Fuller's death left his family much cramped financially, and Margaret was forced to deny herself, and did deny herself without hesitation, the spiritual opportunities she so much craved, that her brothers and sisters might have proper education and advantages. She taught the younger children, she did the mending and the cooking, she took care of her mother, who was often ill, and of her grandmother, who was so always.

She was not only a zealous manager, but a prudent and intelligent one. She understood extremely well the value of money, knew how to husband it, and how to spend it so as to make it go furthest and buy most. She supplied her brothers with caution, yet with wide liberality, considering her limitations. Above all, she stinted herself that she might give, not only in her family but far without. Even the bitter words wrung from her in the anguish of the last miserable years show only what her generosity had been and what we are sure it was still. "My love for others had turned against me. I had given to other sufferers what I now needed for myself so deeply, so terribly; I shall never

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again be perfectly, be religiously generous; I understand why others are not. I am worse than I was."

And her human tenderness extended far beyond her own family. We have seen that she wanted to be admired and praised and worshiped. She wanted to be loved, also; and perhaps this was really at the root of the less commendable instinct. Amid all the popularity and social compliment, she keenly appreciated what affection was, just common affection. "Around my path how much humble love has flowed." She wanted to give love, too, as well as get it. She knew at all times of her life that aching emptiness which only an overpowering devotion can fill. Do we not get a glimpse of it in the quiet words describing one contact with youth and beauty? "She was a lovely child then, and happy, but my heart ached, and I lived in just the way I do now."

Nothing throws more light on this human craving than Margaret's relation with the good Emerson. They sought and admired each other, and got and gave much. But Emerson, who so abounded in kindness, was perhaps somewhat limited in the blind longings of the heart. He speaks of "the romantic sacrifice and ecstatic fusion" of Margaret's friendships, with a humorous acceptance of incomprehension. Margaret herself complains of his coldness, of his incapacity for the highest surrender. "He met men, not as a brother, but as a critic." And it would be amusing, if it were not pathetic, to see her dissatisfaction reflected in Emerson's account of it. She called his friendship commercial, he says, felt that he could not prize affection unless it chattered, weighed love by what he got from it only. He quotes her very words: "The deepest love that approached you was, in your eyes, nothing but a magic lantern, always bringing out pretty shows of life." Some of us today feel too keenly what Margaret meant. But, all the same, how noble and beautiful is the humility of Emerson's comment: "As I did not understand the discontent then—of course, I cannot now."

The question naturally arises, how about love with Margaret in the ordinary sense, how about her relations with men who were not simply friends and philosophers? In her earlier years there is no definite trace of anything of the sort. She had few of the attractions which draw young men and none of the coquetry which seeks to draw

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them. Her youthful letters and reminiscences do not indicate any affection, requited or unrequited. Then, in 1844, when she was well over thirty, she fell in love with a brilliant member of the Jewish race, and for a year she kept up a correspondence with him, which has been printed by Mrs. Howe, and which shows Margaret as deeply and sentimentally in love as any school girl.

It is true that the old egotism still hangs about her. Her dead companion is the first she "ever had who could feel every little shade of life and beauty as exquisitely as myself." But she relishes even the shock to egotism which comes with the self-abandonment of this new tenderness. She finds a strange thrill of pleasure in the lover's admonition, "You must be a fool, little girl." She indulges in all the fantastic freaks of amorous imagination, the ardor for an impossible union, the frantic questionings, the idle self-tormentings—not one of the old, well-known symptoms is missing. And to complete all, she assumes, as usual, that they are first known to her. As the gay French comedy puts it, *En voilà encore une qui croit avoir inventé l'amour.*

Yet even these love-letters, earnest as they are, genuine as they are, and most important in the light they throw upon Margaret's character, are not wholly free from a suggestion of literature. When the infatuation is over, her characteristic comment is, "I shall write a sketch of it and turn the whole to account in a literary way, since the affections and ideal hopes are so unproductive." There had been more head than heart in the matter and to touch the deepest emotions of her nature required a different temperament from that of the brilliant Jew. After a few months' sojourn in Italy, she found such a temperament, certainly very different, in the Marquis Ossoli, whom she married secretly at the close of the year 1847. Judgments about Ossoli are somewhat varying. The utter brutality of Hawthorne's comment defeats itself and suggests some obscure ground of prejudice. According to him, the marquis had no claim even to good-breeding, let alone intelligence, "In short, half an idiot, and without any pretensions to be a gentleman," and Margaret married him simply from curiosity and weariness. Such an extreme statement cannot stand a moment against other evidence. It is clear that Margaret's husband was not literary or a scholar. She had doubtless seen quite enough of that sort of gentry in her varied

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career. But there is no doubt that he was a high-minded, dignified gentleman, and that he was devoted to her with an attachment, which, coming from a temperament like his, is in itself strong testimony to the nobleness of her character. As for the ever-increasing depth and tenderness of her regard for him, it is apparent whenever she mentions his name. She was nearly forty years old, she had been through a wide variety of emotional experiences, she knew the human heart, and here she had found one whose grave earnestness and loyal affection could be counted upon in every trial. "Simple, true, delicate, and retiring," she calls him, in well-weighed words; and adds "while some of my friends have thought me exacting, Ossoli has outgone my expectations in the disinterestedness, the uncompromising bounty, of his every action."

Then she became a mother, and yet one more profound chamber of her heart was opened. She had always loved children and had had a peculiar power of drawing their confidence, as that of their elders. She longed for motherhood; "My heart was too suffocated without a child of my own." Yet she longed with an unusual and beautiful humility: "I am too rough and blurred an image of the Creator, to become a bestower of life." When her son was born, she seemed almost to forget her existence in his. Her brain was all plans for rearing and guiding and helping him. His illness shakes her faith more than anything else had ever done before. His health and gayety make her gay when all is troubled around her.

For these strange new experiences had come to her in a troubled world. Her husband was thickly concerned in the Italian revolution, and she herself gave all her natural ardor to the coming of a new era in the country she had loved and known so well. As battles were fought and men were wounded and suffering, she visited the hospitals, comforted the dying, cheered and tended the long and solitary hours of recovery. "A mild saint and ministering angel, that seems to have been the impression made by her at Rome upon those who knew her well," writes a friend.

It will be asked, where was the old Margaret, the disagreeable Margaret, the harsh, dominating, self-willed egotism? Not wholly dead, doubtless. She herself says, "In the foundation of my character, in my aims, I am always the same." So are we all. But at least her heart had been

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immensely changed and modified by love and pity. She had suffered in life far more than she had enjoyed, she says, and suffering changes all hearts one way or the other. Ambition? She still cherishes it in a manner, still hopes to be a great writer, plans a history of the noble doings in Italy, which was lost with her, to the regret of many. Self-culture, all the fine Goethean theories? Oh, perhaps she has them; but she has at last come to know the great secret, that the height of self-culture is to forget culture and to forget self; that he that loseth his life shall find it. And in the pity of her struggle with health, struggle with narrow circumstances, struggle with war and the ruins of war,—her courage almost ebbs away in a languishing cry: "Yes! I am *weary,* and faith soars and sings no more. Nothing is left good of me except at the bottom of the heart a melting tenderness." Surely a strange utterance from the haughty spirit of earlier years.

So the high Italian dream was over. There was nothing left for Margaret and her husband among his people. And her thoughts turned again to home. She would go back to America, would strive once more to gain recognition of her powers, aiming rather at others' profit than at her own. She accepted the task, made such preparations as she could. But her heart was heavy, weighed down with undue, unreasonable fear. Everything connected with her journey seemed to turn into sad omen, or so she read it in her doubting soul. At the very last moment the foreboding was so heavy that she found it diffcult to force herself to go on board the vessel. She did so, and all her fears were realized. She passed the Atlantic safely, only to be wrecked on Fire Island beach, in July, 1850. We need not analyze the extensive investigations and confused narratives of the final disaster. It is enough to know that Margaret perished with her husband and child, as she would have wished.

It was a pathetic, tragic end to a tragic career. We certainly cannot say that Margaret's life was wasted, when we appreciate her immense influence upon her contemporaries and those who came after her. Yet it does not seem as if her achievement matched her powers. She was a woman of marvellous complexity, like all women, and all men; and her complexity strikes you with tenfold force because she went out like a candle when a window is suddenly opened into great night. GAMALIEL BRADFORD.

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

MR. WELLS AND JOB [1]

By LAWRENCE GILMAN

MR. WELLS' latest attempt to make God respectable is an odd blend of the method of burlesque extravaganza and the method of spiritual allegory. Though we dare say that if one set out to produce a contemporary version of the Book of Job, one would probably, if one could, go at it in the way that has appealed to Mr. Wells. Doubtless one would hit upon the expedient of modernizing Job of the land of Uz as "Job Huss;" doubtless Bildad the Shuhite (a name, to be sure, worthy of a custard comedy) would become "Mr. William Dad, maker of the Showite car de luxe"; Zophar would become "Mr. Joseph Farr"; Eliphaz the Temanite would emerge as "Sir Eliphaz Burrows, manufacturer of the famous Temanite building-blocks"; and Elihu, the son of Barachel, would become "Dr. Elihu Barrack." If all this seems a bit heavy-handed, a bit lacking in subtlety, it should be remembered that neither imaginative finesse nor deftness of implication are among the gifts showered so generously by the Muses upon Mr. Wells. It is as absurd to look for these things in Mr. Wells as to look for the style of Arthur Symons in the *Congressional Record,* or to expect a hippopotamus to tread delicately among buttercups. Mr. Wells, of course, is no intellectual hippopotamus, nor is he in the remotest degree like the *Congressional Record;* we are merely illustrating the folly of blaming a man because he lacks traits that would be ludicrously dissonant with his makeup, if, conceivably, he possesed them.

Mr. Wells, to tell the bitter truth at once, lacks taste. He may not exhibit all the essential traits of genius, but in one respect he resembles the Olympians: like Shake-

[1] *The Undying Fire,* by H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Co., 1919.

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speare, Whitman, Mark Twain, and other rude leviathans, he is constantly perpetrating errors of discretion, gaucheries of humor, rough satires, exuberances of imagination, that any Literary Editor could set right for him between the puffs of a pipe. This is one of the reasons why Mr. Wells is not popular nowadays among the Best People. His crimes, indeed, are varied and manifold. He persists in talking about kindliness and pity and love and faith and understanding and ideal justice as if these things were actually realities to be practised. Also, he is forever challenging Eternal Verities. And one hears upon every hand plaintive protests against his incurable habit of Thinking about Things. Drat the fellow!—why must he be forever Thinking? "After writing *The Research Magnificent, Mr. Britling, God the Invisible King, the Soul of a Bishop,* . . . and . . . his long story of an education called *Joan and Peter,*" remarked one of our most pungent critical ironists the other day, "Mr. Wells has apparently had some thoughts left over on the subjects of religion and education." Mr. Wells should know better. What has a novelist to do with Thoughts?

And it is time Mr. Wells realized that people are becoming bored and restless through giving heed to his incessant talk about God. God was well enough in the days of *Mr. Britling:* then, of course, we needed God. In those dark days we needed him sorely—God and all his angels and the hosts of St. George. Mr. Wells' intimacy with him, in the *Britling* days, was unspeakably heartening to us all, and God became almost as popular as Ian Hay. But Mr. Wells should realize that there is a time for all things,—everything in its place; and that religion and spiritual crusading and consecrations and sacred causes have become a little *vieux jeu.* A writer who would sell must feel the pulse of the reading public, and Mr. Wells' fingers are becoming, it would appear, slightly insensitive. The War is over; the adversary bites the dust; Democracy is regnant and secure; a new world, bathed in peace, radiant with the beauty of holiness, emerges beneath the dawn. God is vindicated, and can now be returned to storage with the other protective furs of our winter of discontent. Yet here is the pestiferous Wells at it again—still talking about Divinity and spiritual valor, and offering us, above all things, a paraphrase of the Book of Job!

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It is a version of the esteemed classic that is full of passionate melancholy and lamentation. Mr. Wells strikes hands here not only with Job, but with the author of Ecclesiastes. He is moved and shaken by the unutterable sadness of human life. He might say, in Pater's marvellous phrase, that he is unforgettably aware of "the great stream of human tears falling always through the shadows of the world." The *lacrymae rerum* obsess his imagination, and, with Whitman, he cries out upon the futility and wanton cruelty of existence—"this multifarious, mad chaos of fraud, frivolity, hoggishness: this revel of fools, and incredible make-believe and general unsettledness we call *the world*,"—with a seemingly heartless Master of the Revels tormenting the mundane ant-hill.

"To-day, gentlemen, as I sit here with you," says Job Huss, afflicted by disaster, bereavement, and suffering, to his three Comforters: William Dad and Sir Eliphaz and Joseph Farr—"as I sit here with you, I feel that life is a weak and inconsequent stirring amidst the dust of space and time, incapable of overcoming even its internal dissensions, doomed to phases of delusion, to irrational and undeserved punishments, to vain complainings and at last to extinction . . . I ask you, how is it possible for man to be other than a rebel in the face of such facts? How can he trust such a Maker? Why should we shut our eyes to things that stare us in the face? Either the world of life is the creation of a Being inspired by a malignancy at once filthy, petty, and enormous, or it displays a carelessness, an indifference, a disregard for justice, . . ." The voice of Mr. Huss faded out. But not for long. Job Huss, though ill of a cancer and about to undergo an operation, is as inveterate in speech as a Senator accomplishing a filibuster. And his talk is good—extraordinarily good. He is very moving, very eloquent, very terrible in this *J'Accuse!* that he flings in the teeth of the Cosmos. At the end, God speaks to Job out of the whirlwind of his anesthetic fantasies; and we are obliged to admit that the God of Mr. Wells' Job is a nobler deity than the God of the man of Uz.

Mr. Wells causes us again to wonder what answer the original story of Job is intended to give us concerning the relation between Man and God. What the biblical

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Job's own answer is, so sensitive a student of philosophy and drama as Gilbert Murray confesses that he has "never quite made out." Are Job's last words correctly reported by the Authorized Version,—which makes him say: "Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes,"—or by the scholarly Mr. H. M. Kallen, who in his admirable and engrossing study of the Book of Job makes the protagonist say, "Wherefore I recant my challenge and am comforted amid dust and ashes"? Do you choose the A. V.'s translation, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust him," or Mr. Kallen's: "I know that he will slay me, I have no hope"?

Mr. Kallen's interpretation of the fundamental thought of the Book of Job seems to Gilbert Murray[1] to postulate a conception of God as mere measureless Force, infinite and unknowable, to whom the righteous man and the unrighteous man are equally indifferent. Man, on the other hand, is the being which knows righteousness and therein finds his true life. "As one of the medieval Arab mystics expresses it, to say that God is 'righteous' is just as silly, and implies just as much anthropomorphism, as to say that He has a beard." For himself, Gilbert Murray believes the author of Job meant less (or more, as you please) than that: he meant that "God is absolute King, and it is mere impertinence to ask whether He is 'righteous' or not. It implies that the King's will is not the highest law—that there is some Law above God, and that His own creature has a claim upon Him . . . Man has no rights; God made him for God's own pleasure, and there is no more to be said . . . To raise the question that Job raises is mere blasphemy, to be thundered into silence. . . . No one doubts that God can do as he pleases; the whole question is whether He pleases to do justice or injustice."

Whatever you may think of Gilbert Murray's exegesis, there is no doubt that Job had small cause to revere God. Job the enquirer is bowled over contemptuously by Omnipotence. He is put in his place. Is he enlightened? No: he is sat upon. He has no rights, not even the right to protest. He is China; God is the Big Four. Then Job "abhors himself and repents." Not because his unsuspected sins have been revealed to him, but because

[1] *The Menorah Journal*, April, 1919.

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he has been impious enough to question the justice of a potentate. He grovels in dust and ashes, no longer a free and indignant soul, but a worm. Only after he has been crushed and humiliated and taught to remember that he *is* a worm, does God appease him with sheep and camels and oxen and she-asses and sons and daughters "and an hundred and forty years."

The God of Mr. Wells' modern Book of Job is, we have said, a nobler conception than the petty, contemptuous, boastful, irascible tyrant who bullies the Old Testament Job. To *that* God we turn only for the magnificent poetry he could utter. The God who speaks to Mr. Wells' Job in his troubled dreams is a heartening and sustaining God. His answer to Job is the ancient and superb answer that the spirit of man can grow only through struggle. . . . "The darkness and ungraciousness, the evil and the cruelty, are no more than a challenge to you. . . . So long as your courage endures you will conquer. . . . On the courage in your heart all things depend." So speaks this nobler God.

That "undying fire" in the hearts of men—is it the flame of God? For Mr. Wells, it is; God, or else Prometheus the rebel. In either case, he is the master for whom Mr. Wells would have us live or die. If, "in the great frame of space and time," there is no God, no mercy, no human kindliness; "if life is a writhing torment, an itch upon one little planet, and the stars away there in the void no more than huge empty flares, signifying nothing," then all the brighter, for Mr. Wells, shines that inward flame. "All the more do I cling," he says, "to this fire of human tradition we have lit upon this little planet, if it is the one gleam of spirit in all the windy vastness of a dead and empty universe."

Will this bring solace to all troubled souls?—to those afflicted with a sense of the *idegno mistero delle cose?* We know not.

But we shall say that Mr. Wells has never written with such sustained power as in this impassioned book. Here are feeling, beauty, wit, ferocity, exaltation. If the mechanism of the allegory seems at times a little obtrusive—if you hear the creaking and clanking and smell the oil—it is of small importance. If the contrivance which serves Mr. Wells as a vehicle

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seems both too rigid and too loose, it must be remembered that Mr. Wells is more interested in the burden of his discourse than in the form of its delivery. He is a prophet and an apostolic mystic, consumed with the urgency of the truths that have been revealed to him, passionately convinced of the world's imperative need to be set upon the path of illumination. And who shall say that any man who wisely and with anguish loves the human heart and detests its perversities may not have his chance to show it the way to wisdom and to peace?

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

BELGIUM. By Brand Whitlock, United States Minister to Belgium. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

To compare a personal narrative so scrupulous in its regard for historic truth and completeness, so definite and evidential in its content, with a novel, may seem both trite and impertinent. Nevertheless, though without intention merely to repeat the venerable *cliché*, "as interesting as a novel," the comparison must be made, for there is no other form of composition, except fiction, which manages to include at once so much revelation of character, in the large and in the little; so lively an interpretation of spiritual forces, in the abstract and also in the concrete; so much of warmly imaginative yet faithful description, as Mr. Whitlock has got into his account of Belgium. Epic, tragedy, plea—these terms by no means fit Mr. Whitlock's story—which nevertheless needs to be characterized by some phrase that will suggest its comprehensiveness of interest and its unity of feeling. And so one may be content to say that in composing a historic document, Mr. Whitlock has produced something very like great fiction—quite a different matter from saying that he has made a stirring record of events with something resembling a plot, or that he has put together a book of startling or pleasing anecdotes and of suavely interesting personalities, fit for rapid reading.

If the ultimate interest of the German occupation of Belgium lies, as it surely does, in the conflict that went on in that country between spirit and brute force, then it is obvious that the ordinary method of narration would not fit the theme. It would not have been enough for Mr. Whitlock to tell a compact story, to detail important facts, to deal with broad issues, to make out a case. Interpretation is necessary—such interpretation as will give us insight into the souls of those who oppressed and of those who were oppressed, as will enable us to inhale the "atmosphere of invasion," as will teach us what national suffering really means. In addition to judicial fairness and a grasp of large affairs, the story teller needs the sympathetic insight, the cultivated humanity of the novelist.

Both these sets of qualifications Mr. Whitlock possesses, and the combination is remarkable. Many persons in his place could have given us effectively enough the facts regarding Belgium—facts that make, of course, a stark appeal. Few, without distorting truth in the interests of sentiment or special pleading, could have presented those facts in a manner sufficient not only to convince one that great wrongs

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had been done the Belgian people, but to acquaint one with the actual quality of their pain and with the very temper of their resistance. Mr. Whitlock has imaginative grasp; he has, too, a philosophy of life which sees the ultimate triumph of gentleness over the clumsy and temporarily effective weapons of brute force. To speak of him as a novelist, he is in love with his heroine—Belgium—"the dear, the charming, the tragic land." Above all, he not only perceives and skilfully depicts characters, but he possesses—the novelist's prime gift—an understanding of character.

That the German character is exceptional, we, of course, know. But such things as the inclusion in the German counter-claim of a demand for compensation based on the numbers of babies that might have been born in Germany but for the war, strike one as even for Germans anomalous. The consistency of the German psychology is, however, what amazes one as one reads Mr. Whitlock's pages. Taking it "by and large," and making all proper allowance for individual differences, one finds the German national character as revealed in relation to Belgium, something almost as definite and almost as difficult to describe without illustration as is Mr. Micawber. Naive cruelty, unperceptiveness of the point of view of others, bad taste even in methods of injustice—these are vague expressions.

La Mentalité Allemande—this was the phrase in which the Belgians despairingly summed up their inability to understand. One feature of this psychology, properly emphasized by Mr. Whitlock, is the connection between atrocities and defeats. "As one studies the evidence," writes the author, "one is struck at the outset by a fact so general that it must exclude the hypothesis of mere coincidence, and that is that these wholesale massacres followed immediately upon some reverse which the Germans had sustained. Their army is checked by the guns at the forts to the East of Liège, and the horrors of Visé, Verviers, Bligny, Battice, Herve, and twenty villages follow. Checked before Namur, they sack Andenne, Bouvignies, and Champignon. Compelled to give battle to the French army in the Belgian Ardennes, they ravage the beautiful valley of the Semois, destroy the village of Rossignol, and exterminate its entire male population. Checked again by the French on the Meuse, the awful carnage of Dinant results; and on the Sambre by the same army, they burn Charleroi and enact the appalling tragedy of Tamines. At Mons the English balk them, and all over the Borinage, there is systematic destruction, pillage and murder. The Belgian army drives them back from Malines, and Louvain is doomed. The Belgian army, falling back and fighting in retreat, takes refuge in the forts at Antwerp, and the burning and sack of Hougaerde, Wavre, Grimde, Neerlinter, Weert St. George, Shaffen, and Aershot follow. The Belgian troops inflict serious losses on the Germans in the south of the province of Limbourg, and the towns of Lummen, Bilsen, and Lanacken are partially destroyed. Antwerp held out for two months, and all about its outer fortifications there was blood and fire, numerous villages were sacked and burned, and the whole town of Termonde was destroyed. During the battles of September, the village of Boortmeerbeek, near Malines, occupied by the Germans, was retaken by the Belgians, and when the Germans

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entered it again they burned forty houses. Three times occupied by the Germans, Bourtmeerbeek was three times punished in the same way." And the striking corollary to all this is that "in all those regions where Germans could pass without resistance from the Belgian or French or English troops, there were no massacres and no incendiarism on the grand scale."

Do not these facts characterize "*la mentalité Allemande*"—one aspect of it—with greater precision than do most discourses definitely directed at such characterization? But the whole phenomenon is something far more curious and far subtler than a mere disposition to wreak vengeance on the weak for penalties inflicted by the strong. Other traits need to be portrayed in order that one may grasp the character of that entity against which Belgian national spirit was arrayed. There is, for example, the disposition to make incredibly high mountains out of incredibly little molehills, the hypersensitiveness about reflections upon the all-wisdom of the General Staff, combined with a certain obtuseness as to what actually constituted a reflection—grotesque manifestations of a stupid and suspicious egoism. Again and again German officials found themselves unable to understand why Mr. Whitlock refused to deny formally the most absurd rumors. That it might be better to ignore such things, seemed to be to them a point of view altogether new. Then, there are repeated instances of that "curiously immature judgment in all that pertained to the judicial ascertainment of facts and to the administration of justice," of which the young men of the Commission for Relief in Belgium were "often the witnesses and sometimes the victims." There is the childishness of the special pleading contained in the *affiche* posted on the walls in Brussels nearly a week after the sinking of the *Lusitania*—"its illogic, its disregard of the most rudimentary understanding of the laws of evidence and of the rules by which enlightened men fix responsibility." There is, moreover, that curious aspect of German thoroughness which consists of an inability to see two things at the same time: "They would have a commission on eggs composed of thirty-six Herr Professors, and they would make an intricate study; and another commission, of Herr Doktors, on hens, and all sorts of statistics; but they would fail to note the relation between hens and eggs."

From the pages of Mr. Whitlock's book one might draw endless illustrations, some painful, some grimly ludicrous, of the workings of the imperialistic German mind; and one might refine upon the qualities that these exhibit. But, after all, one can but emulate the Belgians, who shrugged their shoulders, and remarked, "*La mentalité Allemande!*"

It would be impermissible to dwell upon the disclosure of these elements of national character as so important an ingredient in Mr. Whitlock's variously interesting and variously impressive book, were it not for the fact that the heart of the whole thing seems to be a contrast of character—a contrast expressing a spiritual difference. Nowhere else but in Belgium and the occupied part of France was the fact so manifest that the war turned upon a moral, or—more vaguely but not less significantly—a "spiritual" issue. Two different concep-

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tion of life were at grips; and the Belgian-German contrast points to the real nature of the struggle—a struggle in which not only great theories of government, but every-day ideals and decencies, "the little things men care about," were at stake—as nothing else can.

And so it is not only with sympathetic feeling, it is not only with appreciation for wit and high hope and gallant spirit, that one reads of how the Belgians deprived the Germans so far as possible of the gloating delight in victory which these conquerors craved, of how they outwitted the Germans and made them ridiculous while the Germans sought to overawe them; it is with a sense of the immense importance of the Belgian protest that one reads of these things. Never for a moment was *Kultur* victorious in any land—and least of all in devastated Belgium.

After the strike at Malines—"one of the most singular strikes ever undertaken"—a German official at the Politische Abteilung said: "The Belgians are indomitable." It was true. "There were no disorders, simply a firm, silent, dignified, patriotic resistance." In the end no one worked for the Germans. The Belgian spirit could not be crushed; no moral victory could be won over the people. Always, morally speaking, the Germans palpably got the worst of it. And they felt it. On behalf of Brussels, Burgomaster Max and Burgomaster Lemmonier, on behalf of the legal profession, the Bâtonnier Théodor, on behalf of the whole people, the great Cardinal Mercier, maintained the moral position of Belgium against the Germans without compromise and without fear. With accuracy, with scrupulous fairness, with a composure that the war and the condition of their country could not shake, they continued to stand for civilized ideals. They were, in the face of barbarity, gentlemen. And just so, the people, in ways little and big, in ways witty and in ways heroic, managed to show the Germans that they never surrendered for an instant their claim to those things that are most precious. When it was forbidden to wear ribbons or to display the Belgian national colors, the Belgians on their national holiday all wore ivy-leaves, the meaning of which is *Je meurs ou je m'attache:* "I die where I cling." On another occasion the whole population adorned itself with scraps of paper! The slow and methodical German mentality, composing *affiche* after *affiche,* forbidding this and that, could never anticipate Belgian audacity, could never cope with Belgian wit, could never put the Belgian conscience in the wrong. Force, brute force—it was only by the use of this that the Germans could score. And so at nearly every step in Belgium they put themselves grossly, glaringly, absurdly in the wrong: no submission and no indiscretion on the part of the conquered people gave them countenance. The story of Belgium thus reveals German shame with classic clearness. There is a Latin completeness and precision in the Belgian retort to German barbarism.

The narrative contains certain splendid episodes: the noble story of the Bâtonnier Théodor, for example, and the heroic story of Edith Cavell. The tragic tale of the Great German "slave drive" reveals a process of "kidnapping, shanghaing, crimping, and slaving," beginning in remote and obscure hamlets and "rounding slowly, stealthily in on the larger cities," such as the world fondly supposed to be

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impossible in the twentieth century. It was slavery. *"L'Esclavage!"* cried the poor people, and the single word, with all that it contains of shame and misery, expresses the simple truth. But more insidious and far less well-known than the black shame of the enslavement of the Belgians—though this has been imperfectly realized—was that other crime, the complement of the first,—the attempt to kill the nation's soul. The German pronouncements made as part of the plan —a plan farcically unsuccessful—to set Fleming against Walloon, supply the last element of grotesqueness, as the Belgian reaction toward them supplies the last touch of righteous contempt, that is needed to complete the immortal tragi-comedy of the German occupation of Belgium. That the German Chancellor, playing well his part in the most pitiable of farces, should have expressed to four or five Flemish men, induced (to the disgust of all their fellow citizens) to assume the traitorous roles of alleged representatives of their country—that the German Chancellor should have expressed to this little group of puppets the most patronizing solicitude for the welfare of their "nation," at the very moment when his soldiers were plundering and slave-driving not only in other parts of Belgium but in the very provinces from which these so-called representatives came, seems incredible, but it is true.

Mr. Whitlock's book is well documented, and it is a great storehouse of facts. It gives a most informing and interesting account of the work in Belgium of the Comité National and of the Commission for Belgian Relief. In its picturing of personalities it is both unassuming and vivid. The great and benignant personality of Cardinal Mercier—to name the greatest figure in the book—is made to seem actual and human. The Spanish Minister, the Marquis of Villalobar, who worked so harmoniously with Mr. Whitlock—of him one would like to say much, but for the fear of talking about a real person too freely in the manner in which one discusses a character in a novel. It would be idiotic, of course, to suggest that Mr. Whitlock has made, as it were, novelistic capital out of the personality of his friend and coworker. Yet it is hardly one's own fault, or Mr. Whitlock's, if the Marquis appeals to one as does an especially congenial part in a great play—the play in this case being a portion of a great world-drama. Finally in addition to possessing those qualities of accuracy and of insight which one may generally expect in diplomatic memoirs, Mr. Whitlock's book is, first and last, extraordinary in this: that it adequately and not too emotionally depicts the conflict of the soul of Belgium with the soul of its oppressor.

THE YEARS BETWEEN. By Rudyard Kipling. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company.

If one asks why it is that Kipling is so much more virile than most other English-writing poets of our time, one may find a general answer in the poet's union of moral intuition with imagination. Of all our poets and story-writers, Kipling is the most energetically moral. And unlike most moralists, he does not dislike life; on the contrary, he finds it endlessly amusing and endlessly tragic. His not being apologetic about ethical standards or about the soul is a great

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element of virility—of life, of actuality, in his work. Kipling's poems are thoroughly alive because they contain so much of those two elements which are so often falsely dissociated from life—imagination and morality.

Thus it is, of course, folly to think of Kipling as primarily militaristic, or primarily a teacher of the romance of modern things. Kipling's primary characteristic is that he is moral—that he has somehow managed to preserve a faith in the human soul and in the human will. But the soul, in order to be interesting must be clothed upon with flesh, and must express itself through character. There is, therefore, a profound human truth, and a profound literary truth, in such stories as "007" and "The Ship that Found Herself": Character is the engine of the soul.

Kipling's imagination is concrete. He requires substance and a full-bodied fable to deal with. For a poet of strong moral intention and of concrete imagination, nothing is more natural than to love and exalt those institutions and those types of character that seem to express most fully and most vigorously, with whatever obstructions due to the vagaries of the mind and the flesh, the strength, the permanent nobility, of the human spirit. Hence the imperialistic note. Nothing is more natural for a poet of this sort than to find material in the past, for it is through the persistence of the moral traits in mankind that the past is vitally interesting to us, and times gone by furnish a richness of contrast with the present that sharply points the lesson of essential unity.

But this concreteness, this disposition to give to abstract ideas and ideals a historic body, may prove a limitation: Thus while it would not be far from truth to say that Kipling's poem, "France," is the most nearly adequate poem that the war has called forth, one must confess that one feels the poem to be scarcely adequate to its theme. The trouble would seem to be that the "fable," to use a convenient term borrowed from the vocabulary of the older playwrights, is not very convincing, and is even a little awkward—

To this end we stormed the sea, tack for tack, and burst
Through the doorways of new worlds, doubtful which was first,
Hand on hilt (rememberest thou?) ready for the blow—
Sure, whatever else we met, we should meet our foe.
Spurred or balked at every stride by the other's strength,
So we rode the ages down and every ocean's length!
Where did you refrain from us or we refrain from you?
Ask the wave that has not watched war between us two!
Others held us for a while, but with weaker charms,
These we quitted at the call for each other's arms.
Eager toward the known delight, equally we strove—
Each the other's mystery, terror, need, and love.

Now, the thought that two old foemen have at last clasped hands and have joined forces in a righteous war seems almost banal when one considers the overpowering duty of coöperation under the actual circumstances. Before the great issue, so fresh in our minds, the thought of nationality in the narrower sense, and of old national

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quarrels, seems almost an intrusion. One cannot help reflecting, too, that the wars between England and France were an almost unmitigated evil, morally and otherwise, to both countries; and it would seem that the mutual training of France and England in valor bears only a very general relation to that splendidly humane and civilized courage which the former country, to say nothing of the latter, has exhibited throughout the late ordeal. Modern France seems to one not so much the outcome of a clearly traceable evolution, an evolution largely influenced by chivalrous wars with England, as a variation, a "sport" in nature's process of nation-making. France reveals civilization in a form more heroic than we had thought could be produced by the known forces.

What the theme seems to require is a somewhat more abstract treatment—a larger handling.

But as to the poem on "The Dead King"—a tribute to a personality, a type of character—the case is quite different. This is complete and satisfying. One wonders, not whether the poem is worthy of the subject, but whether the subject is worthy of the poem. And who in the world, except Kipling, could so move and amuse us with a poem about John Bunyan? "The Holy War" is satire, but it is satire that touches the heart.

Of more pungent satire there is no lack. Exaggeration is, of course, of the very nature of the satirical art; and they are fools who take it amiss. Satire aims not at *the* truth but rather at *a* truth; and "The Female of the Species" is an almost perfect piece of its kind. So is "Natural Theology," with its broader lesson, and its charming expression of vital truth in doggerel verse.

No poet has a wider field to range in, or finds more interest in life than Kipling—because he is moral, and because his morality is not the morality of the pulpits but the morality of "If." He has written a volume of poems more virile in thought, more resonant in versification, more varied in its appeal, than any poetic work that has appeared since *The Seven Seas.*

THE MASTERY OF THE FAR EAST. By Arthur Judson Brown. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

As the title of a book which contains so much besides political discussion, *The Mastery of the Far East* is rather misleading. About Korea, the country, its people, its history, its economic conditions, its religious beliefs, its progress toward Christianity, the author writes very discursively, and he extends the same method of treatment to his discussions of Japan and of China. A certain want of decisive judgment, of adequate evidence or of adequate summing up, sometimes leaves the reader puzzled or dissatisfied. Thus, after writing much about the good and bad traits of the Korean people, the author practically dismisses the subject with the remark that all peoples have their faults, and that the Koreans are human. To estimate a whole people justly, is notoriously difficult, yet in such an attempt it is not unreasonable to expect that a little more definiteness should be attained.

An informing and also a somewhat entertaining book mainly about a little-known land and people, *The Mastery of the Far East* demands considerable patience of the reader. In acquiring information of real

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interest and value, one must traverse many pages of the not very profitable early history of Korea; one must peruse accounts of matters already fairly well understood (such as the causes and progress of the Russo-Japanese war); and one must read many discussions that lead to no very definite point, and that present no sufficiently full or systematic summary of facts to permit the formation of very definite opinions.

The most interesting parts of Mr. Brown's book are those in which he gives his own testimony, based upon personal observation, or registers his own opinion. Thus, as to the Japanese occupation of Korea, the author's remark that the civilian immigrants who poured into that country after the war with Russia were not the best type of Japanese—that they were in fact comparable to the lawless Americans who did their ruthless pleasure in Alaska, or to those dissolute and brutal fellow citizens of ours whom Mr. Taft found in the Philippines—is really illuminating. And his opinion that the Japanese were not only justified by national necessity in taking Korea but are likely on the whole to benefit the Koreans, is important. Without going quite the length of saying, with the author, that "in the evolution of the race and the development of the plan of God, the time had come when it was for the best interests of the world and for the welfare of the Koreans themselves that Korea should come under Japanese tutelage," one may agree that Mr. Brown's position in this matter is logical, and that it is on the whole well-supported by the impressions of Japanese and of Koreans which his book in many different connections conveys. Throughout the whole work, the author's honesty of purpose, and his intimate knowledge of many of the matters of which he treats, are manifest.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

MISS AMY LOWELL OBJECTS

SIR,—Your May number contained a review of my recent volume of poetry so eloquent in its revelation of a total misunderstanding of the book, and of modern poetry in general, that perhaps a few words of explanation may be accorded a place in your pages. Your reviewer is evidently puzzled, sadly puzzled, as to how to take the book, and he finally ends by leaving it studiously alone while he busies himself with demolishing a bogey of his own creation. The entire paper is devoted to the denial of the existence of a "new art," treated first in regard to rhythm and then as to the use of words.

In the first place, permit me to say that the idea of a "new art" exists solely in the gentleman's imagination. New forms of art, perhaps; new art, no. Art is like a tree, capable of growth, occasionally a leaf or a branch drops, but, for the most part, the young boughs are merely superimposed above the old ones and, all together, make the tree. Each generation has its "new poetry;" and, as the present merges into the past, this "new poetry" fades imperceptibly into the great body of, simply, "poetry."

The main contention of the article, since it does not exist, need detain us no longer. What is more pertinent, however, is the author's analysis of rhythms. It is unfortunate that this, too, is based upon a misnomer. What enthusiastic and ignorant soul first translated the French term, "vers libre" into "free verse," I do not know. Of course, the English term has neither accuracy nor sense. There is no such thing as "free verse" nor ever can be. Poetry, being an art, must move within a form; but the student of many literatures knows that our English metric is by no means the only one proper to poetry. Free verse is a ridiculous misunderstanding of a French word. *Vers* in French means "line," not "verse," the term "vers libre," therefore, means a line which is not obliged to contain a given number of feet. "Free line" would be an accurate, if decidedly clumsy, name for the form; "Cadenced Verse" is better, and I wish that its use might become general. But language is a strange thing, people fasten upon a word and naturalize it, willy-nilly. The poets and the reading public are accustomed to "vers libre," much as they are accustomed to "chauffeur," and to render the latter by "shover" would be to follow the same sound-analogy that has governed the translation of "*vers*," but with more sense in the adaptation.

The critic's reference to the double rhythm of English metre—viz, that of its regular scansion and that of the accented words—is

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well known to all students of prosody, but that the effect of such practice is as "subtle" as that possible of attainment by the use of "Cadenced Verse" could easily be proved not to be so had I space for citations, and the object of a scansion to which "we cannot without pain force our utterance to conform" is not very clear.

The fact cannot be sufficiently insisted upon that we moderns write poetry to be spoken and not merely read with the eye, for your reviewer's statement that he finds pleasure in the knowledge that a metrical line will scan even though he cannot read it into the pattern without torturing the natural accents of the words, is simply to say that his vision takes comfort in an ordered arrangement which he believes should be present even though he cannot hear it.

The question is too long to treat adequately here. It has already been gone into at some length in your pages; by Dr. Patterson in "New Verse and New Prose," in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for February, 1918, by me in "A Consideration of Modern Poetry," again in the "North American" for January, 1917, by me also in "The Rhythms of Free Verse" in *The Dial* of January 17th, 1918. The subject is carried still farther in a forthcoming article "Some Musical Analogies in Modern Poetry" to be published in the *Musical Quarterly*.

Your reviewer seems to think that "polyphonic prose" and "vers libre" are the same thing. Needless to say they are quite distinct, as a perusal of the above-mentioned articles will prove to him. But what he means by saying that "words make us think, polyphonic prose will not let us think" I am at a loss to conjecture. I have been blamed for many things, but never for a paucity of ideas in my poems. "Over-intellectualised" is a charge to which I am painfully accustomed, to be accused of writing poetry for the mere beauty of words is a new, and not altogether unpleasurable, sensation. I should take more joy in it, however, did I not know it to be profoundly untrue, and I beg to ask my highly imaginative critic how on earth one can use words "for the sake of their mere connotation." What he means is simply, I take it, that I go too fast for him. I have heard that before, and it is probably true. At any rate, I welcome it as the only direct bit of criticism of the book in question which the paper contains.

Alas! Coleridge wrote *Kubla Khan* and not I. But, in spite of the fact that the "suggestiveness" of his words is "subdued to the formal decorum of ordinary, sane human thought," I fear that that divine and exuberant fragment can scarcely make a larger claim on those qualities, in its entirety, than can my plainer, heavier, more simple-thoughted volume *Can Grande*.

Yielding me the palm for sanity is but to say that Coleridge wins the toss for poetry. This indeed your reviewer, emerging from his confusion, must, I feel certain, allow.

AMY LOWELL.

Brookline, Mass.

THE REVIEWER RETORTS

SIR,—In my review of *Can Grande's Castle* I said that certain merits of that composition tempted me to believe that Miss Lowell had "really developed a new and immensely powerful art." This was

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perhaps an extravagance. If so, I apologize for the hyperbolical praise. Certainly I had no intention of charging Miss Lowell or any one else with having perversely or profanely and in defiance of the law of evolution created something totally new. Simply it seemed to me that polyphonic prose, as written by Miss Lowell, being an exploration of possibilities hitherto never fully tested, is virtually a new art—the "new poetry," if you please, of the present generation. The question whether this (virtually) new poetry is destined to supersede the old, I really thought discussable and worth discussing.

That I attempted to argue this question, instead of examining the poem in detail, is doubtless due, as Miss Lowell suggests, to my limitations—those limitations which prevent me from finding full satisfaction for my ear or my understanding in the polyphonic prose. Detailed comments upon an author's use of a somewhat new technique are, in my opinion, best written by one who approves of that technique.

Finding my disposition to enjoy Miss Lowell's poem thwarted in some way, I sought to determine the nature of the obstacles that interfered with my enjoyment. This mode of procedure did not result in my writing the kind of criticism that Miss Lowell regards as interesting or important—for which I am sorry. Nevertheless, I consider my method legitimate. It is by judgments arrived at in some such way by thousands of people that Miss Lowell's work will ultimately stand or fall.

Proceeding in this manner, I thought that I discovered two hindrances—difficulties based, I hope, not upon personal caprice, or prejudice, or sheer ignorance, but upon causes which might be fairly supposed to have somewhat similar effects on a considerable number of readers besides myself. These I accordingly attempted to explain.

My effort at explanation raised large questions which I did not, and do not now, presume to decide authoritatively. In two particulars, however, Miss Lowell has mistaken my meaning, and in regard to these I shall attempt brief rectification.

In the first place, I do not "find pleasure in the knowledge that a metrical line will scan," nor does my "vision take comfort in an ordered arrangement which I believe should be present even if I cannot hear it." How any human being could find such pleasure or take such comfort, I am frankly unable to conceive. The test of verse, surely, is the ear; and I have not maintained the contrary. In reading verse in ordinary metre, I am aware that certain lines are of the same length. On trying to discover the cause of this effect, I find that each of these lines occupies the same time as measured by the metrical foot. From this I do not draw the conclusion that the scansion is all in all, or that any system of scansion must in all cases be rigidly applied; I draw merely the inference that the foot-and-line system—even when utterance is not exactly conformed to its pattern—does afford a measure of the line. Some lines of English poetry, I find, can scarcely be scanned at all: attempts to scan them are unconvincing. From this I draw not the conclusion that the foot-and-line system is purely artificial, but merely the inference that to take considerable liberties with this system does not impair the effect of verse, provided the general metrical scheme is not broken down or abandoned.

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In the second place, I did not say or suggest that Miss Lowell lacks intellect. On the contrary, I am inclined to think that no one not extraordinarily intellectual and extraordinarily proliferous of ideas could write the polyphonic prose with even moderate success. I do not believe, for example that Wordsworth could by any possibility have written polyphonic prose. I do not mean simply that he would have refused to have anything to do with it, or that he was incapable of understanding it: I mean that if he had understood the theory of polyphonic prose and had wanted to write it, he would have been unable to make a passably good showing in it, because I do not believe that he possessed the intellectual subtlety, or the variety and abundance of ideas, that appear to me necessary to make the polyphonic prose even tolerable.

Perhaps the difficulty is, after all, simply that Miss Lowell "goes too fast" for me. I accept this explanation as good so far as it goes: but I am obliged to look farther. Assuming that the whole truth of the matter is that Miss Lowell goes too fast for me, how can I explain to myself the fact that Shakespeare, or Browning, or Francis Thompson, does not go too fast for me. I do not, of course, mean to imply that Miss Lowell ought to have written the works of Shakespeare, Browning, or Francis Thompson, any more than in my review I meant to suggest that it was a pity that she had not written *Kubla Khan.* The question is at present solely concerning rapidity. When I approach the subject from this point of view, I find myself arriving at the same conclusion as before. Miss Lowell's rapidity is not wholly due, I think, to the fact that her thoughts throng thick, or to the fact that the subtlety of her ideas makes them hard to follow: it is due in part to the fact that whereas the older poets formally defined their thoughts, conserving the interests of matter-of-fact thinking and making each word quite as much a part of a definite statement as a challenge to imagination, Miss Lowell, playing up the suggestion or connotation of her words in what is to me a rather bewildering fashion, constrains me to proceed from suggestion to suggestion rather than from idea to idea, and thus more or less effectually baffles my desire to think in the usual way even when I am reading highly imaginative poetry. Such is my imperfect and possibly erroneous explanation of the phenomenon which Miss Lowell calls her going too fast for me. C. G.

Canton, New York.

CONSTITUTIONS AND TREATIES

SIR,—I have recently run across some old statements that seem to be particularly appropriate at the present time.

In Bourrienne's *Memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte,* Vol. II., page 217, will be found a reference to the opinion which Napoleon entertained for the Constitution of the French Republic while he was still the First Consul. My opinion is that some people in this country seem to regard our own Constitution in about the same light, since the absentee referred to has taken upon himself the direction of all affairs of state.

At the time in question, there had arisen in the Council of the French Republic, a consideration of the manner in which treaties of peace should be concluded. Some of the members of the Council were of

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the opinion that "conformably with an article of the Constitution, the treaties should be proposed by the head of the Government, submitted to the Legislative Body, and after being agreed to, promulgated as part of the laws." Bonaparte thought differently, and said:

> It is for the mere pleasure of opposition that they appeal to the Constitution, for if the Constitution says so it is absurd. There are some things which cannot become the subject of discussion in a public assembly; for instance, if I treat with Austria, and my ambassador agrees to certain conditions, can those conditions be rejected by the legislative body? It is a monstrous absurdity! Things would be brought to a fine pass in this way! * * * This would be a fine way to manage matters!

The principal difference between Bonaparte's method of handling such a difficulty and that of our present Executive is merely one of degree. It is due to the strength of the United States Constitution as compared to that of the old French Republic. The First Consul of France had the power and the arrogance to override the Constitution of the Republic, which was not a well-established document, one which the people of the nation were able to uphold. Bonaparte had in his own hands the power to change the forms as he saw fit, though the power was that of a military dictator, entirely unlawful. In our country such changes cannot be made so easily. The Senate will not be driven like a herd of cattle when the Executive cracks a whip over their backs.

Today the United States Senate stands in the same position that Daniel Webster suggested in his great speech concerning the Omnibus bill on the floor of the Senate, February 5, 1850, in answer to John C. Calhoun of South Carolina. Webster said:

> It is fortunate that there is a Senate of the United States; a body not yet moved from its propriety, nor lost to a just sense of its own dignity and its own high responsibilities, and a body to which the country looks with confidence for wise, moderate, patriotic, and healing counsels.

It is truly fortunate that the United States Senate is a body not easily moved from its propriety. It is indeed fortunate that there are men in the Senate who have the courage to stand for the maintenance of our ancient system, even when a false cry that a "League of Nations" will keep us out of war has created impressions in the minds of many of our people that there is only one decent side to the controversy. Though these preachers of the coming millennium may sway the multitudes to a greater or less extent, their words will not be sufficient to swing the Senate unless there should be in the various measures under discussion enough benefit to America right now to make them a practical substitute for our traditional foreign policy.

When it becomes necessary for the Senators to exercise their Constitutional rights and duties in regard to the treaty of peace and whatever extraneous matter may be "so interwoven into the fabric thereof," the people will doubtless have much cause to render thanks for the fathers of the nation, who not only established the foreign policy which some people now seem to consider entirely out of date, but also wrote the marvellous document under which the Government lives and the Senate will act. We have the fathers to thank for our prosperity under the policy we have always followed, and we have them to thank for the

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fact that no one man,—however unusual his ability in the art of governing men and however inordinate his ambition,—can tear down the structure which they reared upon such a solid foundation.

PIERCE P. FURBER.

Minneapolis, Minn.

WHY FRANCE WANTS A SECURE PEACE

SIR,—As a Frenchman I have been asked by friends why I was dissatisfied with the attitude of President Wilson at the Peace Conference.

First of all, I must say that I am entitled to speak as a fighting man. During the war I was always in a platoon of infantry. I have been wounded three times, and badly sick once at the front.

Besides my own impressions and opinions, I will give those of the troopers with whom I lived. They were, like myself, of pure French blood and education. The feelings of dissatisfaction I am to express are not directed against the American people at large, because I have met many Americans meaning well and doing well. I know that amongst the people of the business and political world, France has good and sincere friends in the United States, but I am sorry to observe that these friends of ours are not represented by President Wilson.

It is stated that the majority of Americans do not approve the Peace terms. This may be so, but this fact would bring a contradiction into the lime-light. Democracy has been defined: "The government of the people, by the people and for the people." So President Wilson, who advocates the rights of democracy against autocracy, must represent the American people or not be a democrat. In that case, I am forced to conclude: America is against France. If that is not true, I must say: America is an autocracy under President Wilson.

France and Belgium were attacked by the Germans who wanted to rule over them and over the world. So we didn't make war through any imperialistic view, but to defend ourselves. Later on we could have made a settlement with Germany, but we didn't want to because the fate of civilization was involved in the issue of this war. These facts are well known in America. Ambassador Gerard in the Foreword of his book, *My Four Years in Germany,* says: "America was forced into the war by the bad principles and deeds of the Germans." Thus it will be absolutely unfair to consider Germany as anything else than a well-organized society of robbers and criminals who didn't succeed in carrying out their scheme. In civilized countries, Justice does not make agreements with criminals, but punishes them. Germany has to be punished and has to pay for damages of the war. This nation (Germany) cannot be destroyed or her people wiped out, but it is possible to prevent her being a danger for the world. To obtain these results, two things are necessary:

First, encourage the provincial feelings of her people, and suppress the unity of the German government.

Second, strengthen the neighbors of Germany and make them safe

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by good military borders, and sufficient reparation of the damages sustained by Belgium, Poland and France.

The Peace Treaty leaves a united Germany which has passed from the sentiment of despair she had in November, 1918, to the spirit of revenge she expresses now, six months after the Armistice. France has not even the borders of 1815. The Sarre question has been settled in such a way that another war may come in fifteen years.

What are our guarantees? The League of Nations—a scrap of paper that Germany will cut to pieces at the first opportunity. This paper is a moral engagement and will be meaningless if the United States and the other nations elect presidents keeping their respective countries "out of the war." Some of the points of the League of Nations give satisfaction to America, but none is a material guarantee for us French and Belgians.

So, after this treaty, Germany remains unbroken. She has means to recover quickly, and while many French soldiers will return home to find a torn-down house, a deserted country without shops or farms, the German soldier is at home with everything in ante-war shape. The first payment of war-indemnity will be a mere trifle, and after fifteen years, if Germany does not want to pay, we will have to fight another war to get the money rightly due us.

France and Belgium are in the hole. We, the principal sufferers of this war, will have to support the burden of a large army to protect an unsafe border. We have to work hard to pay our debts. We have eyes to weep for our dead and a basket in which to throw the compliments we receive. *Thanks to Wilson's policy.*

I wish I could admire this so-called democrat who has the support of international bankers and international socialists. This just, this good and generous Christian supports the selfish plutocrat, and the no less selfish socialist disturber. The lover of peace creates general discontent and prepares new wars.

The Americans who do not understand our sorrows have only to reflect a minute and see what they would feel if they had losses in proportion to ours. It would mean for the United States:

Four millions of deaths.
Four millions disabled.
One-third of their industry ruined.
Miles of lands converted to desert.
Debts amounting to 60 per cent of their national wealth.

My claims do not prevent me being optimistic, because I know the qualities and resources of the French people. War has caused many surprises to the foreign nations. Peace will bring new ones.

Thanks to God, who has left something in our country, in our intelligence and in our hearts! Can we extend these thanks to all of our so-called friends? D.

New York.

"LIBERTY" AND THE LEAGUE

SIR,—In entering the harbor of New York, immigrants from Europe see before them a gigantic statue of Liberty, holding aloft the

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torch of Freedom. This is symbolical; and it was in the belief that they would be free forever from the wars, oppressions and miseries of Europe that millions of refugees entered our harbors. In this belief they have hitherto lived and died; and they and their children and their children's children now constitute the citizenship of our great republic. If we join the League of Nations, which is really and actually an alliance for war, our presumably free citizens will be deprived of this protection. They will be compelled, whenever called upon by the European and Asiatic members of the League, to return to Europe in millions, as drafted soldiers, in order to fight and die upon European battlefields, in European quarrels, under the supreme command of European generals.

Thus is Liberty defeated.

BERTRAND SHADWELL.

Chicago.

THE FIRST USE OF "UNITED STATES"

SIR,—I do not know if you care to discuss a statement made in the correspondence section of your magazine, but I would like to call attention to some points stated by the writer of the letter signed "H. A. D." in the current issue.

He states that the title, "United States of America," was first used in the Declaration of Independence. The proceedings of the Continental Congress show that on June 17, 1776, a report was presented by a committee, of which Jefferson was chairman, in which he referred to the Congress as the sole representative of "the United States of America." John Hancock crossed out the words "States of America" and wrote the word "Colonies" over them. The original document in Jefferson's handwriting is now in the Library of Congress, and a photostat copy of the page in question is in the collection of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, given by me. I reproduced the small section covering the above change as a cut, in my paper on *The True History of the Declaration of Independence,* read before the City History Society of Philadelphia, and published as part of the 2nd Volume of its proceedings. In the original (signed) copy of the Declaration, the word "united" occurs three times, and is always written with a small "u."

It is possible to quote from the founders of the nation every variety of opinion on the question of federalism or states-rights.

HENRY LEFFMANN.

Philadelphia, Pa.

OUR ALLEGED GODLESSNESS

SIR,—I have heard that rejection rather than selection is *the* problem for a magazine editor in the matter of articles offered. When I read John Burroughs' paper entitled, "Is Nature Without Design?" in your May issue I wondered what sort of genius loci guides the policy of your sanctum.

When you unlimber your verbal whips over the backs of those chiefly responsible for the war now ending your words betoken the

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man of blood and force no less than moral sanity. And when you rise in your just wrath to excoriate and damn the Red Peril now planning murder and destruction in blessed America, you will doubtless find your mental resources and sparkling vocabulary equal to the duty.

But I submit, sir, those unenviable objects of your machine-gun attacks are merely the practical exponents of the morally destructive theories set forth in the paper of John Burroughs. One may run and read the lesson written big in bloody letters on many a page of history. My wonder is how such dreary and destructive vaporings of a discredited and decadent school of mock philosophers pass muster for the pages of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

Materialism—or, to be plain, Godlessness—is the curse and danger of the hour. Here we have it, then, naked and unashamed, because it walks beneath the shadow of a great name. Looking solely to the proximate interests a world in dangerous mood, should it be so? Let age be honored, but let not pitiable unbelief and all destroying materialism have a forum so mighty and a pulpit so high as the pages of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

ROBT. M. REILLY.

Sacred Heart Rectory, Castleton-on-Hudson, N. Y.

[THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, as our correspondent concedes, is a forum, wherein beliefs of many sorts, entertained by minds of various tendencies, are granted free play, for the stimulus and edification of our readers. That venerable and beloved student of the cosmos, John Burroughs, would, we fancy, be amazed and amused to hear himself denounced as a "materialist" and an encourager of the Red Peril. We think that if our reverend correspondent will read Mr. Burroughs' article again, in calmer mood, he will perceive that it represents merely the honest questioning of a candid mind confronting philosophical assumptions which it is unable to accept with that complacency sometimes to be discerned in "the bleat of evangelical orthodoxy."

—EDITOR.]

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